

Vol. 8.

No. 5.

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1885.

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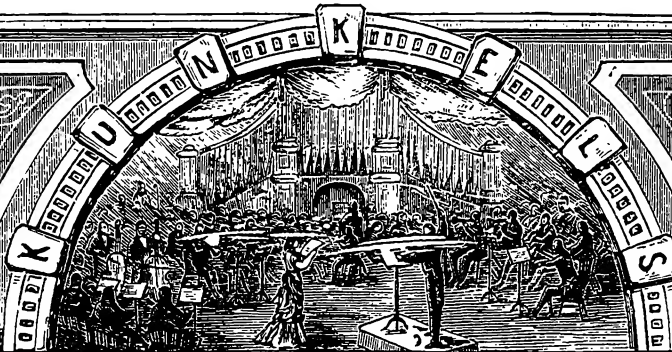
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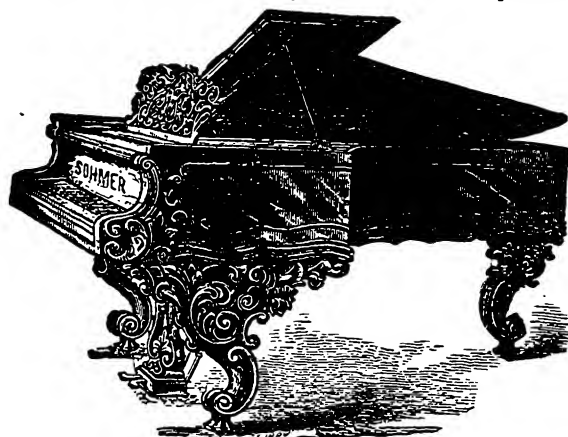
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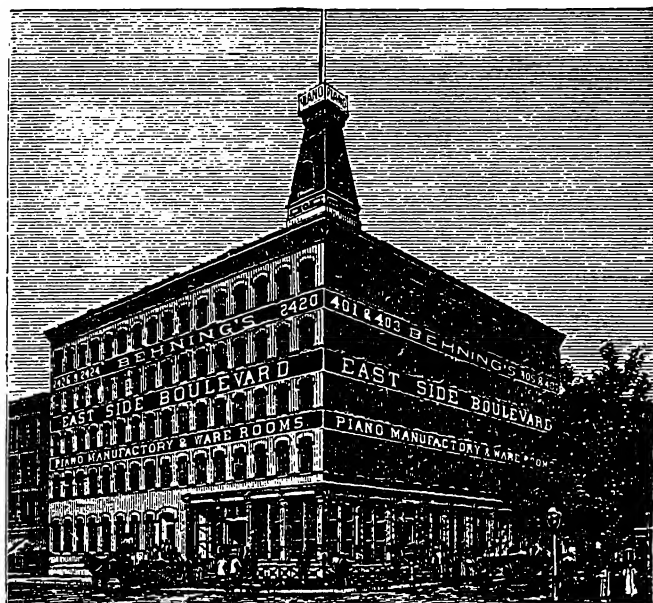
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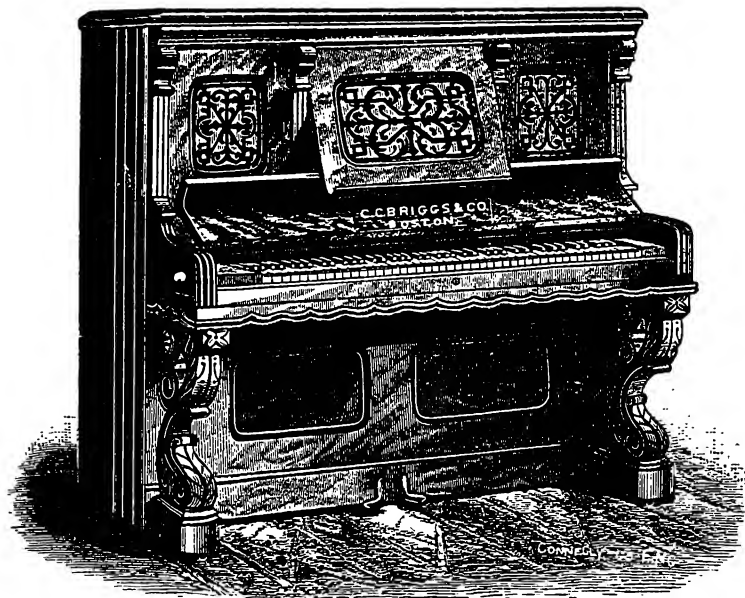
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MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VIII.

MAY, 1885.

No. 5.

GLADSTONE'S IDEAS OF CHURCH MUSIC.

It is refreshing to find so great a statesman as the English Premier, says the *Musical Herald*, giving careful attention to church music, and furnishing a paper thereon characterized for the most part by strong practical sense. He considers the use of music by the Salvation Army as profanation, and thinks that the songs used at the Moody and Sankey meetings tend to make the service of song superficial and unreflective, a statement which we should wish to materially modify.

He claims that church music is more than a study or a fine art: it is a moral agency, with no direct power to save or purify, but able to reinforce our desires, to quicken our sensibility, to minister to the heart's affections. The church composer, like the preacher, has to select, expound, and illustrate his text, to dive into its inner meanings and clothe it with a vesture of song. Church music must be always reverent and congruous with its words. Speaking of the two great divisions of church music, congregational and choral, Mr. Gladstone says that he should augur ill of the vitality of that church which could not enlist the voices of its congregation in the musical service, sooner than he should of that which failed to exhibit its higher developments. The one is the right and duty of the people at large: the other is for the advantage of those who have a musical ear. As a rule, parish churches should aim at congregational singing. There is often a tendency for the choir to usurp the office of the congregation and for the organ to usurp the office of the choir. The choir should lead, but not where the people cannot follow. Congregational singing, except in Wales, is faint and timid. The effect of a large body of voices, singing with one heart and consent, is one of the grandest and most inspiring things conceivable. There is something, so to speak, contagious in it. In its very roughness there is magnificence. Some of us, at one time or another, may have heard enough to enable us, at all events, to dwell with delight upon the imagination of it. The congregational chant is the basis of our musical service. The original term was not "plain chant," as we have it now, but "*plenus cantus*," which means full or congregational song in parochial churches, and corporation song in cathedrals and colleges. Historically, therefore, as well as by right, English Church song is the people's song. After deprecating the use of Gregorians, Mr. Gladstone declares in favor of part-singing rather than unison singing by the congregation. Turning to choir or cathedral singing, Mr. Gladstone says that here, abandoning the idea of worship by the collective voice of the congregation, we seek to fulfil it by appealing through the ear to the inner sensibilities of the soul. He gives the foremost place in this branch of religious art to St. Paul's Cathedral, and pleads for the restoration of a soft organ voluntary in the middle of the service.

WAGNER AS A PAINTER.

HERE can be no doubt, says Henry T. Finck, that if Wagner had not chosen to be a composer and dramatist, he might have become one of the greatest of modern painters. A German critic, in discussing the Tetralogy, says that "it is especially the pictorial sense of Wagner that is at work incessantly in the Nibelungen; it appears to have furnished the first impulse for many of the scenes. In looking at the photographs of Joseph Hoffman's poetically conceived decorations, the thought involuntarily occurs that such pictures may have arisen first in Wagner's imagin-

ation and brought forth the corresponding music." The first scene in "Rheingold," where we see the three Rhine daughters swimming about under the water, a section of which occupies the whole stage to the top, and appears to flow on steadily; the wild maidens, in the "Walkure," riding among the clouds and alighting upon precipitous rocks, filling the air with their weird song; the forest scene in "Siegfried," where the hero lies under a tree with spreading branches, and listens to the song of the birds and the rustling of the leaves, so beautifully imitated by the orchestra; the final scene of the "Götterdämmerung," where the river begins to rise and inundate the ruins of the hall, bearing on its swelling waves the Rhine daughters once more, and accompanied by the surging sounds of the symphonic flood; the magnificent ecclesiastical scenes in "Parsifal," which are like pictures of the old Italian masters brought to life—these and a score of other scenes bear witness to Wagner's pictorial genius; for all these scenes are described in detail in his text-books, leaving the scene-painter no further task than the execution of his minute directions. In this penchant for artistic conceptions Wagner resembles Goethe. It is interesting to note, too, that his step-father was a painter, and wanted Richard to become an artist. But the process of learning the technique did not suit his fancy, and he soon abandoned the brush in favor of the poet-musician's pencil.

OLD-TIME MUSIC.

IN the library of Sir John Goss, recently sold in London, was a transcript of a forty-part song composed about the year 1575 by Thomas Tallis. Commenting on this fact, *The St. James Gazette* remarks that "To the majority of musicians of the present day the composition of such a piece would be a feat involving too much patience to be seriously entertained, and even among the works of composers of the old fashioned school only one piece of musical mosaic work of such elaborateness is known, so far as we are aware." Works of this character are not numerous, but the writer of the quoted words might have known that about the time of Tallis the harmonists of England and the Continent were much given to such exhibitions of ingenuity. In a last century essay on the church music of that era we read: "I am speaking of an age when everything was scholastic; when there were schoolmen in music as well as in letters, and when if learning had its Aquinas and Smiglecius, music had its Master Giles and its Dr. Bull, who could split the seven notes of music into as many divisions as the others could split the ten categories of Aristotle. A descendant of thirty-eight proportions of sundry kind was the wonderful work of Maistre Giles; but Dr. Bull could produce to the astonished reader (not hearer, for the hearer would know nothing of the matter) a piece of harmony of full forty parts." The same writer gives us the following amusing description of the intricate music which prevailed in England at the time of the Reformation: "They" (he is speaking of the Epistle and Gospel) "were all sung not merely in simple intonation or chaunt, but in this mode of figurate descant, in which the various voices following another, according to the rules of an elaborate canon, were perpetually repeating different words at the same time. One example of this kind may suffice, and a more ridiculous one can hardly be conceived. The genealogy in the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel was thus set to music; while the bass was holding forth the existence of Abraham, the tenor, in defiance of nature and chronology, was begetting Isaac, the counter-tenor begetting Jacob, and the treble begetting Joseph and all his brethren."

CHOIR CANDIDATING.

WE can endorse every word of the following article from the *Musical Herald*. The evil it treats of is not limited to the longitude of Boston.

Among churches there is a growing sentiment against the practice called "candidating" for a pastor, and there might be great improvement in the matter of candidating among choirs. Especially do we wish just now to protest against the gratuitous services secured in some churches by management which is more shrewd than honest, in violation of the injunction given in II Corinthians viii, 21: "Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."

The instances of such dereliction are not remarkably rare, and several have lately come to our knowledge. For which reason, we

"Rise to remark,
And our language is plain,
That, for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,"

some music committees are peculiar.

A church wants a soprano. Miss Blank is a young lady who sings well, has studied hard, denying herself almost every luxury of life, in order that she might meet, at least, a part of the necessary expenses which fall too hard upon a father in humble circumstances or perhaps upon a widowed mother. She would like the vacant position, and is (truthfully) told that there are many applicants. However, if she chooses to come and sing one Sunday without charge, they will be so magnanimous as to give her the opportunity to "get the right side of our people and make a favorable impression." Sometimes, they pay the car-fares.

This process is repeated with success in some cases which have recently become known, until, for several months, the vacant position has been filled by aspirants, the committee meanwhile congratulating themselves upon their economical administration of the church finances. All situations in the choir, and not infrequently the organist's position, are made to minister to the greed of persons who seem to think that any sort of conniving is justifiable, if it is only done "to help the church along."

There are also organists who take the contract to furnish a choir, and then pocket the pay while they wheedle singers into gratuitous service, and the church washes its hands of all responsibility in the matter. We can not see this to be at all creditable to Christian people, even though they may have appointed some one or more to perpetrate the wrong by proxy. It is as true in musical matters as in any other that "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" and, in such cases as these we mention, those are made to suffer who are least able to bear it.

If singers are worth having for even one Sunday, there is no reason why they should not be paid for their services. And the same is true concerning singing or playing for church entertainments. Why should all fairness and justice cease the moment we move in church matters? Money is plentifully bestowed upon theatres, concerts, the opera, and all kinds of shows; but, when it comes to matters connected with church worship, "the times are very hard, and we must reduce our expenses," which means, quite generally, cut down the choir to starvation prices, and pay the sexton half what he ought to receive, because he can not afford to beidle.

It is high time there was a reform in this direction, though we are aware that, in many places, the wrong has so long been sanctioned by custom that people do not look at the subject in its true light; and such will doubtless insist that we give the matter too strong a color. Yet we know whereof we affirm, and could give names and dates in proof, if it were necessary.

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MUSIC teachers, as a rule, make great pretensions of love for the art of music. As a rule, also, these pretensions are false pretenses; their interest in the "divine art" being very accurately measured by the dollars and cents they can manage to eke out of the music trade. You would expect them to be at the head of all musical enterprises, or at least, to support by word and deed all worthy enterprises of that nature; as a rule, however, they have not energy and business tact enough to originate anything, and altogether too much petty jealousy and fear that some other teacher might, through such enterprises, get a pupil upon whom they have their eye, to have a word of encouragement for any musical undertaking of which they are not the head and front. If you get up a concert, made up of the works of modern authors, they turn up their noses at the programme—it is not classical enough; if you prepare a classical programme, their precious noses still point heavenward; the performers can not interpret classical music. In any event, they stay away, and keep away all those whom they can influence. These people are clogs upon musical advancement. But music advances in spite of them; their shallowness is becoming more and more apparent; every day some of them are being weighed in the scale of an intelligent public opinion, found wanting, and dropped. A few decades at most will work a change—the time is coming when there will be no room for the ignorant, self-sufficient, small-minded and smaller-hearted "Professor of Music." The sooner it comes, the better. The "professors" of this sort need not starve—there will still be boots to black and streets to clean: they can still fulfill their true vocation.

IN our last, we reproduced Mr. Bennett's first paper of "Observations on Music in America," and promised our readers that we would give them the subsequent papers of the series as they appeared. The first article, as doubtless all our readers noticed, was a speculative introduction which naturally led up to a full discussion of the subject announced. The papers have, however, come to an abrupt end, number two being the last. This second paper is not worth reproducing, being made up almost entirely of the account of Mr. Bennett's visits to three American churches and the Mormon temple at Salt Lake City; for this reason, we omit it entirely. Mr. Bennett, at first glance, seems to have wasted all his material in building a broad foundation, before which he at last stands trowel

in hand, but without brick or mortar. Viewed in the light of what he has done, his you-fellows-just-watch-me-and-see-what-I'm-going-to-do introduction sounds, nay is, foolish. Mr. Bennett, is no fool, however, and it takes no great amount of astuteness to see that he has suddenly become silent, after giving expression to a few trivial and insignificant facts, not because he had nothing to say, but because he concluded not to say anything. What influences were brought to bear upon Mr. Bennett, to induce him to keep his opinions to himself, we can not say. Perhaps the publishers of the *Musical Times* feared such a series of articles would injure their circulation in this country—a very mistaken idea, we think—perhaps Mr. Bennett disliked to be drawn into a controversy with his American cousins, or perhaps he may intend to pay us another visit and make more extended observations before he pursues the subject further. If the fear of hurting the *Times'* circulation in this country is what has silenced Mr. Bennett, we tender to him our columns for the fullest and freest discussion of his subject, for, while we do not think we should agree with him in all things, we have no doubt that a series of articles from his pen, such as he evidently contemplated, would be useful as well as interesting to all lovers of music in America.

THE VAN ZANDT INCIDENTS.

VAN Zandt, the American *prima donna* with the Dutch name, has given the German editors of American music journals an opportunity of pouring the vials of their Teutonic wrath upon the heads of the hated French. As it does not hurt the French and seems to assist our *confrères* to digest their *sauer kraut*, it might be well enough to let them brandish their harmless weapons at the unseen and unseeing foe across the water; but we believe in fair play and the facts have been so completely distorted by most of the journals that have spoken of the Van Zandt incidents that we think we owe it to a brave and generous people—a people whose sentiments toward this country have been practically exemplified by their magnificent gift to us of Bartholdi's gigantic statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"—to briefly discuss—no, not discuss, but simply state, the undisputed and indisputable facts which have given rise to so much gratuitous abuse of the French people at the hands of men affected by that disease so common beyond the Rhine—Gallophobia.

Miss Van Zandt was a favorite singer at the Paris Grand Opera. Some two months ago she appeared upon the stage in a state of incoherency. The entire audience thought they saw in her actions unmistakable signs of drunkenness and began to hiss the singer who, apparently too drunk to be able to preserve a steady gait, retired from the stage in the midst of the indignant clamors of an outraged public. The following day, the Parisian press related the incident, commenting generally in severe terms upon Miss Van Zandt's conduct. It was claimed by her friends and herself, however, that it was illness and not intoxication that had caused her very strange actions. Supposing, nay, granting, that such was the fact, what follows? Simply that Mlle. Van Zandt was unfortunate in seeming to be drunk when she was only ill. To the audience she looked drunk; they had no doubt she was drunk and it was against this apparent drunkenness that it arose as one man to resent and rebuke what would have been an insult had Miss Van Zandt been really intoxicated. The action of the audience must be judged from the stand-point of the audience, whose eyes told them that the *prima donna* was "drunk as a Lord." From that stand-point, their action was not only justifiable but commendable, for if artists with a weakness for the


bottle have not enough self-respect to avoid coming upon the stage in a state of ebriety, the public owe it to themselves to insist that such persons shall retire to some private spot, at least until the fumes of their too generous libations shall have escaped sufficiently to allow them to act with some slight regard for the common proprieties of life. This was all the Parisian public did, and we fail to see therein sufficient cause for the tirades against French morals and manners of which it is made the occasion. True, even after Miss Van Zandt had denied having "taken a drop too much" a number of papers and the mass of the auditors continued to claim that the cause of the young lady's illness was alcoholic. It may be very wicked for five or six thousand people to insist upon believing the testimony of their own senses rather than the statements against that testimony of an interested party, but it is certainly not unnatural. The same number of Americans or even of Germans would probably have done the same thing, and we do not see even in that any evidences of that total depravity which, according to certain guttural Boanergeses, is so essentially French.

Miss Van Zandt, finding the climate of Paris rather warm for the time being, went to St. Petersburg to cool off and to recuperate her shattered health. Then, she returned to Paris and the stage of the Grand Opera, where she was to open in "Lakme." Of course she came not to be forgiven, not even to forgive, but to triumph over the wicked people and the more wicked critics who could so far forget the respect due to a queen of the stage as to believe their own senses rather than her word. As she was attacked on the subject of morals, she called to her assistance one whose moral status is well-defined, Sarah Bernhardt. The guileless Sarah wrote a letter to the angelic Van Zandt, in which, after telling her that she had been treated even worse, she presented as a balm to the artist's wounded feelings the following fragrant bit of rhetoric, which we beg the pardon of our lady readers for reproducing: "One cannot prevent curs from—raising their legs against monuments." This letter Miss Van Zandt gave to the press for publication. We see but one palliating circumstance possible in this case, and that is that, at the time she did so, she was suffering from another attack of "illness." Is it to be wondered at, then, that when "Monument" Van Zandt made her re-appearance, not on the first night, for the house had been carefully packed with her friends, but on the second, when the "curs" of the public and of the press were admitted, they should have resented the fresh insult added to the old injury and made Miss Van Zandt's further stay at the Grand Opera undesirable, if not impossible? Would not any self-respecting public have done as much?

If, at best, Miss Van Zandt was unfortunate in her illness' mimicking drunkenness so closely as to deceive every one who saw her, she was not only unfortunate, but unwise, in seeking as indorser of her private character a well-known bankrupt in character, and she was not only unfortunate and unwise, but also grossly immodest, insolent, and unladylike in using Bernhardt's filth to throw at the heads of those who she thought had injured her. For the resultant disgrace she has nobody to blame but herself, for when she was hissed off the Parisian stage she received only her just deserts.

TELL your friends about this magazine; explain to them that each number contains in music alone more value than the cost of a year's subscription. Then ask them to read the contents of any number and tell you whether they can afford to longer do without the regular visits of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A GOOD PIANO TOUCH.

HE first efforts of the piano teacher should be devoted to the acquisition by the pupil of a good touch. Later it is more difficult to acquire it, although it can be done. The future unfolding of fine technical ability, which is to enable the player to express himself understandingly and effectively, depends entirely upon a correct touch. All teachers, and all persons of common sense, for that matter, know that if incorrect habits are once settled, it takes much more time and study on the part of the pupil—and more ingenuity on the part of the teacher—to unlearn the bad and acquire the better ways. Bad habits arise from crude natural playing and are about the same in all pupils. One might imagine that habits true to nature would be the best and most effectual in their result, but this is true in a very particular sense only, in another sense it is not true, for nature may prompt the individual to commit acts from the most brutal to the noblest. We must, therefore, strive for the highest in nature, whether applied to life or to its ideal mirror, Art. We can not, it is true, ever leave the limits of nature since, no matter what degree of cultivation we may attain, it is always the result of natural forces.

Crude natural playing upon the keys of the piano is caused by the difference of force, among the muscles of the fingers as well as between those of the wrist and the arm. The beginner, shuns the weak forces and naturally resorts to the strong, instead of practicing the weaker members until they become strong likewise. According to correct training, the pupil must learn to raise the fingers, each independently, without the assistance of any other force, but the untrained player, making a strike for immediate results, lifts the whole hand or jerks the finger upon the keys by means of wrist strokes. This produces the ugly hand push or wrist jerk, which is fatal to good quality of tone, and has the additional disadvantage of leaving the fingers weak and untrained. This natural fault is of itself sufficient to limit the progress of the pupil to a certain point, for the simple reason that the hand cannot learn to play fast and smoothly enough passages which are easy to alternate fingers, correctly employed. As to the choice of fingers the natural player prefers the strongest fingers and leaves the weak unused—consequently untrained. With such players the middle finger (third) has to do its own work and also that of the fourth, while the latter is completely neglected, and by contrast with the rest, becomes seemingly weaker and weaker. Except in rare cases, it does not seem to occur to the natural player that tones must be connected, one lasting until the other begins!


This important point, from which the whole art of a beautiful style of playing or singing has been evolved, cannot be disregarded without making expression, phrasing and shading an impossibility. A mere *staccato* rattle is produced resembling the music of uncivilized nations or savages. Just as a house cannot stand unless its foundation is good, just so can there be no beautiful art unless certain fundamental principles have been well secured. These principles are exactly the same in all instrumental and vocal music, and the piano, therefore, exemplifies them perfectly.

That which the pupil should learn to do from the beginning, is to hold down the keys, not leaving one until the next is being struck, in such a manner that the ear will clearly perceive the continuation and blending of one sound into the next. This joining of key to key and sound to sound is called the *legato* (binding), and should at first be practiced exclusively until it has become a second nature. The *staccato*, or short striking of the keys, in perfect contrast to the *legato*, comes in at a later point of study. Let the pupil make it a rule, at first, to raise the finger previous to striking, then hold down the key while the next finger is raised and brought down to produce the next tone. At this very moment, but not sooner, the finger that had previously struck, is allowed to leave its key.

This manner of playing is continued from key to key and tone to tone, producing a series of sounds so perfectly joined to each other that no intervening space is observable. When the pupil has once learned to "hold and raise" the fingers invariably at the same moment, the foundation of correct piano playing is laid and the most essential part of a good touch acquired. The so-called pressure touch, by which the tone is produced by pressing upon the key, without raising the fingers, belongs to a later period of practice and is of great use to the artist. The beginner is apt not to get it, and the attempt to acquire it generally develops the wrist-jerk to get tone. The premature endeavor to

learn the more hidden pressure-touch is, therefore, to be dreaded. The raising of the fingers, on the other hand, associated with a perfect *legato*, teaches the pupil what is required and what a good touch really means. When this is once understood the battle is nearly won, and when, after thorough practice, the player is able to execute a perfect *legato* almost any touch that results in good, can be introduced.—*Art Critic*.

HEBREW AND GYPSY MUSIC CONTRASTED.

ROM the Hebrews, an opulent and refined and musical people—a people, withal, without a country—it is an abrupt yet not wholly unnatural transition to pass to another world of homeless wanderers, in diametrically opposite circumstances—the world of Gypsies. By this passage we are transported from luxury, wealth, an elaborate cultivation, into what may be called the howling wilderness of art; a wilderness, however, teeming with interesting natural productions. I can not do better than avail myself of the distinction traced by the Abbe Liszt, in his book on the music of the Bohemians, which, wild and exaggerated though it be in style, contains much ingenious speculation and more curious anecdote. He points out that, whereas, throughout all the circumstances of their dispersion and persecution, consequent on their isolation from the families of Christendom, the Hebrews have retained their individuality by living under the strictest subjection to antique rule and law—the Gypsies have vindicated their peculiar character by irreclaimable lawlessness; and, while wandering about as chartered or unchartered libertines among civilized folk, have clung obstinately to certain characteristic habits, which are merely expressions of lawless disobedience. Whereas the ancient people possesses a grand language and a book, which, apart from its origin, out-buys all the books of the world, the ancient swarm has only a jargon, and what may be without offense termed a slang literature, of which little, if any, written record exists. And this separation of two noticeable families of the human race—a separation as wide as that of day from darkness, howbeit, in one respect the families are similarly situated—is in no point more signally illustrated than in dealings with the art here treated. Whereas, the Hebrews have inherited or got together a body of religious music distinct in its form and excellent in its glory; whereas, during a century past, they have contributed to modern art some of the most complete creators and interpreters that have ever existed—such as Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Pasta, Rachel, Braham, Ernst, Joachim, Moscheles;—the members of the Gypsy horde, though they universally show aptitude and proficiency to a certain point, in the devices that charm ear and eye, never seem able to advance beyond indication and capricious wilfulness. Gypsy music is of very limited value, if disconnected from the Gypsy performance of it, and from the impression made by it on those who, for the sake of sensation, will endure and relish anything, no matter how eccentric it be. Comparatively few Gypsy tunes, save a Russian or Hungarian dance or two, which possibly own some such parentage, have passed into the world's store of melodies. I think Schubert is the only great composer, and after him the Abbe Liszt, in his "Rhapsodies Hongroises," who has used them heartily; and close as is the resemblance of tribe with tribe—whether the folk are to be found burrowing in the cliffs embossed with vine and oleander and Indian fig that face the Alhambra at Granada, or threading their tedious way across some Transylvanian waste—it is not easy to define or specify in what the style of their music consists, beyond a vocal lawlessness which marks its oriental origin, and a certain wild fertility of improvisation in which the instrumental players are encouraged to give vent to their fancies as they rise.

The voices of the Gypsy singers are generally detestable; and this may be not altogether owing to the coarse, feverish, comfortless lives they lead, or their fondness for drink—the natural poverty and offense may belong to the race. I can call to mind nothing so intolerable as the hoarse yet piercing screams emitted by a troupe whose performances I heard in Granada. How, with so much obvious feeling for rhythm as the people possess, they can endure discords so atrocious, is a matter only to be explained by the separation which certainly exists in music between sense of tone and sense of time. I was assured that these were practitioners of the lowest class. They were, however, possibly none the less genuine for not

being trained, tamed and sophisticated for public exhibition, as are the more notorious Gypsies of the Triana at Seville. And indeed, with reference to this very subject the Abbe Liszt tells us that the real, pure (or rather impure) Gypsy style is to be heard in greater perfection among the hordes of Hungary than in Russia. The far-famed Gypsies of Moscow—among the most deadly and dangerous sirens a corrupt society has ever encouraged—are, he tells us, made up for show. Of all showy things, show nationality is the worst.

The race has favorite instruments of its own. The violin, in some form more or less primitive, goes everywhere. To this the Gypsies add the cymbal; not the pair of Mambrino's basins clashed, or quietly thrilled, one against the other, which we call by that name, but a sort of wicked dulcimer whipped by the player. The name clings to instruments of its class, handled by vagrant musicians, as does the name *vielle*, *viola* or *gironde*, among those of the hurdy-gurdy family. There was one, only a few years past, played on by a poor old woman in the London streets. Perhaps the name may be accepted as defining a harsh and stinging tone:—*cembalo* defines a harpsichord in Italian. The Hungarian Gypsy cymbal, the Abbe Liszt says—on what authority I cannot ascertain—dates from the fifteenth century. The player on it shares with the first violin the task of bringing out and lengthening certain passages, in accordance with the humor of the moment. The Abbe gives curious anecdotes of these wild and lawless people when domesticated in Transylvanian households. It was their habit to accompany armies on the march as musicians so late as the beginning of the last century. But I fancy (save in such a ministry to illicit luxury as they offer in Russia) the palmy days of the Gypsy musicians are over, and that we shall hear no more of such prodigal doings as those of the Hungarian noble who bound up a vagrant violin player's arm in a bundle of bank notes. Year by year they must fade out, and be absorbed into the world of more civilized races.

I can not close these paragraphs without pointing out, as among many marked characteristics of the kind which distinguish him, the felicitous adoption of the wild style of gypsy music by Weber, in his "Preciosa" march. Nor has Signor Verdi, whose use of local material is habitually slight, and thrown into the most conventional of forms, been without a touch of the right spirit, thrown into the beginning and close of the chorus which opens the second act of "Il Trovatore." Those of us who recollect the audacious incorrect performances of M. Remenyi, the violinist, who for a time sojourned in London and formed part of Her Majesty's private band, may recall, as the sole merit which they possessed, some traces of the wild humor and fire with which the music of this vagabond race may be credited. Gypsy music is a weed of the strangest form, color and leafage; one hardly to be planted in any orderly garden.

Lastly, with reference to Eastern origin and influences, the music of Spain must be touched on; a subject full of perplexity to all those persons who comfort themselves with a theory of the connection of the arts. Such a theory is utterly untenable as regards music, supposing connection to imply contemporaneous existence; and its futility can be proved nowhere more completely than by reference to the music of Peninsula. What need is there to revert to the days of Spain's pomp and power? What need to recall, that after Eastern domination had ceased there (how wonderfully represented by its monuments!) there could arise and flourish in the land a school of painters, of dramatists, of poets, of novelists, who by their individuality challenged—if they did not surpass—their brethren in every kingdom of Europe; and these, not always artists, starved because society had no room for them—but men cherished by munificent persons who delighted to surround themselves with everything that is refined, pleasure-giving and luxurious. Yet more; the Roman Catholic Church, to whose patronage as distinct from prescience, music owes so much, had always one of her most august thrones in Spain, and round about that throne her cathedrals with their reliquaries—her holy houses with inmates ready to lay every gift they possessed on the altar. Further, that the people of Spain inherit a graceful aptitude for receiving art, might to this day be predicated from their noble bearing, from their picturesque fancies of color in dress, from their in-born, inbred courtesy of demeanor, such as the traveler finds among few, if any, continental folk.—*F. H. Chorley*.

EDUCATING THE MOB.

WH do you not write something that the people can appreciate?" was asked of a young man whose study was inundated with unsaleable MSS. of his own composition. "I wish to educate the mob," replied the student. At first this appears a most charitable and estimable idea, an expression by no means uncommon among people starting in the artistic world; but if one comes to analyze the phrase, "I wish to educate the mob," the majority of readers will agree that in the way it is usually said it becomes the most selfish and egotistical expression that a young man can give vent to. It is "egotistical," from the fact that he arrogates to himself the title of "a model for universal example," instead of leaving other people to confer such a distinction upon him; it is "selfish," for he wishes to fetter "the mob" with his own ideas, however distasteful such ideas might be. To such aspirants a few words will not be out of place. Always assuming that they are superior to "the mob," let us remind them of this one fact, if they wish to raise the artistic tone of their less (worldly) successful brethren, they must educate themselves down to "the mob," and improve their "higher life" by degrees. For they must bear in mind that he is the greatest artist who can adapt himself to circumstances; or, in other words, he is the genuine artist who can play with his art.

This educating one's self down is by no means an easy matter; it requires skill of no mean order; for if a man be not very careful he will get down to the mob's level and there remain; for the reason that he will probably find his new sphere more remunerative than the one he has but recently quitted. He will discover that this mob is more extensive than he at first thought; nay, that it even extends to his own friends. He writes for the mob, it pays; he continues to do so, and eventually becomes a member of the fraternity of which before he had spoken in such disparaging terms. There is an old saying, and, like most old sayings, a very true one, that "he that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith," and although many will urge that it applies in the subject under notice, others will urge that it differs. Surely art may mingle with the throng without itself becoming contaminated? Surely science may associate itself with uneducated minds, without becoming debased? Or again, is not virtue to be seen wending its golden pathway through a labyrinth of sin, without losing any of its efficacy by its associations? And what is music but a virtue to be used for our advancement in civilization, and for the purpose of healthy mental recreation? But to instil this virtue, "music," among "the mob," the people who await the reformation must be led and not driven.

A savage is not converted by means of force, but the rather by good precepts and examples of the influence of the Christian faith upon individuals. Neither would Wagner, genius as he was, ever interest the masses; for we must bear in mind that what is termed "the mob" can only be educated up to a certain point after all; they can go so far, but their surrounding influences compel them to go no further; their daily avocations prevent them from duly appreciating matters of great refinement. We look around us. What do we find most appreciated among the masses? Melody! Something they can grasp, something that affords them infinite delight and gratification, and it is through this melody or tunefulness that "the mob" must be reached.

To again draw a simile from religion, would any man with an ordinary amount of common sense talk theology to an uneducated mass of people he wished to convert? Would he not rather get at the recesses of their hearts by means more familiar to them? Would he not educate himself down to them, and so find out what they most understood and appreciated?

It is so with the musical education of the masses, let them have what little music they are capable of grasping, of a "refined character." "Give us something with a tune to it." Why can they not have it? No, it seems that those, generously disposed, who have the musical welfare of "the mob" at heart, seem determined to give them what they cannot understand or nothing at all; they do not believe in a happy medium. It is as arbitrary on the part of good musicians to compel a lower order to listen to classical music as it would be on the part of a lower order to compel a body of musicians to be auditors to a few of the latest comic songs.

There is one society in existence that is doing an admirable work among what is termed "the mob."

We allude to the People's Entertainment Society, and the results are eminently satisfactory; but classical music is not forced upon them, although "vulgar music" is excluded. We would most strongly wish to urge the desirability of more good popular music for the masses. It is indeed a great field of labor, and a most interesting one, worthy also of all our energies and good will. The mob is often spoken of in a sneering manner, but we maintain that it sets an excellent example of consistency to many of its more refined kinsfolk, who hear classical music because it's "the thing to do, don't you know?" and not from any love of the same.

To those who are about to commence their careers in the musical arena, it will be well not to think unkindly of "the mob," for after all it is the great supporter of fame, and therefore is entitled to consideration at your hands. For, come what will, that love for others' advancement will give life and animation to severe toil; it will, when life has passed away, make our works of value, and our past exertions of much avail. This benevolent feeling will make sacred your wish for fame, without which it will be but a selfish desire; with it, we may add our part (small though it may be) to the world's interest and to the glory of its Maker.

Although ambition very often brings that perseverance and steady labor which is so necessary for artistic advancement, still, on the other hand, we would warn the student to eschew that perpetual reaching out after something which his conscience tells him he can never obtain, although pride may convince him against his will that it is his. What will not ambition lead us on to attempt; true, but what does excessive ambition lead to? Ambition of this kind may be compared to a fiddle string—when it is screwed up to the highest possible pitch, it will suddenly snap and give no sound at all.

It is a mistake to confuse perseverance with ambition, for we shall generally find that he is the most persevering and steady going student who possesses the least amount of ambition. On the other hand, he is the most ambitious who is in possession of a little desire for hard work. Ambition has been mentioned in connection with the subject of "Educating the Mob," from the fact of the latter continually wishing to achieve something beyond us, being the one thing so detrimental to "the mob's" advancement. To work for "the people," the student must clothe himself with modesty. The cloak of ambition is not a suitable garment for such work, if the body it covers be crusted with pride.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back—
Looks in the clouds, scornful the base degrees
By which he did ascend. —Musical Opinion.

THE ERL KING.

IF there was ever a work of inspiration, Schubert's "Erlkönig" is one. The composer read the poem for the first time, was fascinated and mastered by its eldritch spirit, and sat down and translated it into immortal music as rapidly as his pen could fly over the paper. Fourteen years afterward, when Mme. Schröder-Devrient visited the venerable author of the ballad at Weimar, and sang it to him, he was visibly touched by Schubert's sympathetic treatment of the subject, and, kissing the fair forehead of the vocalist, he exclaimed: "A thousand thanks for this grand artistic performance. I heard the composition once before, and it did not please me; but when it is given like this, the whole becomes a living picture!" For the tone-poet, in this particular instance, excelled the word-picture. Goethe merely suggests the scene in the forest by a few such phrases as "Durch Nacht und Wind; in dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind," and "Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau," but the composer conjures it up before you. Not an element of awe and terror, of human pain and supernatural malignity, is wanting. The music paints the blackness of darkness, the wrath of the tempest, the grinding and clashing of the storm-tortured boughs, the clattering gallop of the horse, the unearthly voice of the demon, the plaintive accents of the dying child, the suppressed dread of the father, and the mute agony which fell upon him as he reached the threshold of their home, and discovered that a corpse was lying cold and stark in his strong, sheltering arms. "The rest is silence." Let us not omit to add that a few hours before the death of Jean Paul Richter, that "unique" genius, as Carlyle calls him, asked to have the "Erl King" played to him.

A REMINISCENCE OF JENNY LIND.

MET old Captain Thomasson in 1879 in the Galt House rotunda. Being in his genial, talkative mood, I asked him if the newspaper story was true, said to have been told by him several years before, that he was with Jenny Lind at Niagara when the great songstress dropped on her knees at the brink of the cataract, and, with streaming eyes, thanked God that He had vouchsafed to her sight of so grand an exhibition of His powers. "Yes," said the captain: "that was in the early spring of '50, and there was an icy mantle half way down the falls from the edge, and great masses of ice springing up from the bed of the river below to meet the water as it fell. It was magnificent, and the great-hearted lady could not restrain herself as she saw it. I never shall forget her prayer to be made a better woman—to be made able to serve the Maker of so wonderful a world in the way that she should. We all uncovered our heads as she knelt there, and I think I am a better man for the memory."

We had been together then for nearly a month. I had Miss Lind and her party as passengers from New Orleans to Louisville. The trip down I had carried hundreds of the first people of the South to hear her sing in New Orleans. They had come all the way from Memphis and Little Rock and Vicksburg, but when they got to New Orleans there was hardly a seat to be had for love or money. So, many of them came back with me unsatisfied—they had rather be on the same boat with Jenny Lind than to stay for the Mardi Gras and all that in New Orleans. When we were fairly on our way up the river, one of the ladies—she was a great belle in her days, the daughter of a senator, and afterwards the wife of one of our foreign ministers—came to me and asked whether it was really true that Miss Lind meant to keep her state-room all the way to Memphis.

"Of course not," said I. "Everybody comes to dinner on my boat."

Those were simple times. The captain of a Mississippi steamboat was a person of more consequence, even, than the commander of an ocean steamer is to-day, and Captain Thomasson was the most noted of all the captains on the Father of Waters.

"Of course not. She'll be at dinner to-day." Then I went to Barnum—Barnum, the showman who was managing Miss Lind.

"Barnum," says I, "is Miss Lind getting ready for dinner?"

Barnum looked up surprised. "Why, no!" said he; "Miss Lind eats her meals in her room."

"Not on my boat," said I; for you see I didn't want to disappoint the ladies. Well, Barnum and I argued it awhile, and then I agreed to talk to Miss Lind myself about it. I knocked at the door of her state-room. The pleasantest voice I ever heard said, "Come in."

"Miss Lind," said I, "I am the captain of this boat. There are twenty ladies on board—ladies of the first station in America—whom I brought anywhere from two to six hundred miles down to New Orleans to hear and see you. They couldn't get even to the door of your concert room for the crowd; so took passage on my boat again with no other hope than just to see you. They didn't want to be rude—neither do I; but I hope you will gratify them and not seclude yourself all this long trip."

"My dear captain," said she as pleasantly as could be, "I don't mean to hide myself; why should I? But what would you have me do?"

"Come and sit at my right hand at dinner," said I. "It's nearly time for the bell to ring."

"Wiz ze greatest pleasure," said the great lady. And when dinner was ready she came out of her state-room smiling, and bowed to everybody in the ladies' cabin, and sat down by my side.

"Will you not do me ze honaire to introduce me to ze ladies?" she said and I introduced her to all the lady passengers who were at my table—all ladies, mind you. It was the most pleasant dinner I ever had. Miss Lind was curious about everything, and especially about plantation life. She and Miss—got to be great friends, and the lady afterwards visited Mrs. Goldschmidt, after her marriage to the pianist, at her home in London.

After dinner the tables were cleared away, and Miss Lind sat down on the sofa at the end of the cabin. I went forward to where Barnum was sitting, near the clerk's office. "Barnum," said I, "won't Miss Lind sing something for the ladies?"

"Captain," said he, turning on me, "are you going raving mad? Miss Lind sing in a public place like this? Why, man, you make me laugh. Miss Lind gets a thousand dollars for every song she

sings. Perhaps you've a thousand dollars to spare about you? Offer her that—and then she'll tell you to go about your business."

"All right, Barnum," said I, "we'll see."

Well, then, I went into my pantry and got my nigger band together. There was one likely young boy among 'em who had such a voice as you never heard. I was younger then, by considerable, than I am now, but I could never hear that boy sing one of his plantation songs without tears coming into my eyes. But I thought I'd try him first. So one of the boys kept time on his banjo, and the fellow sang over his song. It was about a yellow girl who had been sold off into slavery from her Louisiana home into Georgia. I always thought the boy made it up himself. I never heard the words or the music before or since. The words didn't exactly rhyme, nor the music wasn't such as you hear in the opera, but I knew it would do. So I got the boys together in the cabin, and after they had played a while the boy sang his song. Miss Lind listened from first to last, and there were tears in her eyes, too, when it was finished. I don't exactly know how it was, but five minutes afterwards she was at the piano, and sang first the music of that song, as well as she could remember it, and then song after song of her own. And not only that evening, either, but every evening that she was on the boat. The pianist of her troupe played, too, and the other members of the company sang or played, and my ladies, also, and such concerts there were never in America before or since.

We got to be great friends, and when we reached Louisville, and my boat laid up on account of the ice, she urged me to go with her to New York. It was on the way that we stopped at Niagara. I tell you, sir, that she was the greatest and most beautiful and the best woman I ever knew."

I think the captain keeps a few little flowers and such trifles that date back to that trip, religiously by him to this date. He has never married, I believe, though he was a comparatively young man in '50.

THE TRUE STORY OF "FAUST."

THE history of the opera of "Faust" is one of the most instructive to the artist-reader. A calm philosophy spreads over us when we observe the voyage of one of the most popular of modern works through the three phases of managers, critics and publishers. Gounod first read "Faust" when he was just twenty, and the idea of making an opera of Goethe's poem was simmering in his brain for sixteen years. He then made the acquaintance of the future librettists of "Faust." The librettist in France is a different animal to his brother elsewhere. He has high aims, a great sense of the dignity of his art, and heaven knows what ideas of the importance of his part in the joint work of himself and the composer. No one can fail to admire the deft way in which the authors of the libretto of "Faust" have adapted the original story to musical requirements. This was partly the result of the enthusiasm with which the task was undertaken. "Dear sir," cried Jules Barbier to Gounod, "if you really wish to write a 'Faust,' I am yours, and lay everything aside to consecrate myself to the work!" The authors and the composer set to work, happy as a newly-married pair.

At this time, M. Carvalho was the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, and Mme. Carvalho was singing successfully in Victor Massé's "Reine Topaze." There are three varieties of the theatrical manager: the manager who snubs and insults you, safe in the knowledge that your interests will not allow him to be kicked; the polite manager, who promises everything, and forgets you as soon as you are out of his presence; and the impulsive manager, who, as long as his impulses last, is an enthusiastic patron and partisan. M. Carvalho seems to have belonged to the latter class. He was thrown into an attack of enthusiasm by the scheme of "Faust," and immediately took up the idea of producing it at his theatre. Hope infused fresh energy into Gounod's breast, and in about a year he had composed half the work. Happy Gounod! He little knew what storms and eddies had yet to be endured and avoided before "Faust" should see the light of the proscenium.

One day he called upon Carvalho in his room at the theatre. The manager appeared distressed. "What is the matter?" inquired Gounod. "Ah, my dear friend," replied Carvalho, "I can't play 'Faust' after all." "Indeed, and why?" "Because there is a 'Faust' coming out at the Porte-Saint-Martin, which will be ready before ours, and which will take all the wind out of our sails."

"But," replied Gounod, "I should imagine that the public which goes to see a coarse melodrama and that which listens to an opera at your theatre, are two very different bodies, which have no influence over each other." "That doesn't matter," replied the dejected manager, "the Porte-Saint-Martin is going in for spectacle, and we can't struggle against that."

Nature does not often gift men of high genius with a sense of humor, otherwise the idea of a work of genius like "Faust" being denied the day because a theatre of the variety type was about to produce a play of the same name, is intensely comic. Scarcely appreciating the situation, Gounod made a second attempt on Alphonse Rey, at that time director of the Opera. He then returned to Carvalho, who offered him a consolation. "Find another subject," said he. Gounod's answer was just what one might expect from such a man. "I have no heart for anything," said this unreasonable artist "I am like a lover separated from my mistress, and incapable of thinking of anybody else." However, he overcame this sentimental feeling, and the "Médecin malgré Lui," based upon Molière's comedy of the same name, was sold for 4,000 francs (\$300.)

Meanwhile the Porte-Saint-Martin drama had ceased to live. There was now a chance for the opera, which was put into rehearsal in October, 1858. "Faust" had passed through the first stage, that of the managers. It was now in the hands of the critics.

It is amusing to take up the sporting papers after the races, and read the articles of the racing prophets. The glorious uncertainty of expert judgment is so comically exhibited in these prognostications! It is almost too bad to exhumate their reasonings, unimpeachable—except by the victory of the outsider. This is what people thought about "Faust." Wrote one good-natured friend to Gounod, "'Faust' may be a great success; but beware! There are things in it which may kill the piece. For instance, the Garden Act! Only think! An act which lasts more than an hour, and which is nothing but a love-scene by the light of the moon! You must 'cut' boldly; every one will go to sleep over it! And then that terribly long quatuor! Besides, you have in the fourth act a cathedral scene, which falls very flat—and the death of *Valentine*—dull, gloomy; quite flat!" One critic admired the "Old Men's Chorus" and the "Soldier's Chorus," and said, "You see, you can write melody; why not put it into all the numbers?" As for the fifth act, M. Scudo, a leading critic, simply observed, "*il n'existe pas*," and after seven representations M. de Choudens, an unknown publisher, bought the rights of "Faust" for France and Belgium for about \$2,000. Later on Gounod sold the rights for Germany to Bote & Bock, of Berlin, for \$200. He then disposed of the publishing right to an English firm for \$600, and by neglecting to register his author's rights in time, lost forever all claim to his fees.

Such were the beginnings of the opera of modern times, and one that bids fair to delight our children's grandchildren.

FRANZ ABT.

FRANZ ABT, the most prolific, and probably the most popular, of the song-writers of this generation, died on the 2nd of April. He was born at Ellenburg, in Prussian Saxony, on December 22, 1819. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, and the son's early education was directed with a view to the Church. But the father was also something of a musician, and so young Franz was taught some of the elements of music at home, and while in the University of Leipzig was permitted to continue the study in the famous Thomas-Schule. Singing has always been the chief branch taught at this old school, and it probably was because of this that Abt's compositions are almost exclusively for the voice. Franz had hardly completed his second year at the University when his father died. This catastrophe compelled him to look about for means to support himself and his widowed mother. He gave up all thoughts of the priesthood and turned teacher for awhile, keeping up the study of music, however. His first compositions, six *contredanses* and some songs, were published at Leipzig in April, 1838, and soon after, while still a youth, he was appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society at Leipzig. He married in September, 1841, and was appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Zurich. Other musical organizations in that city received attention from him, and he was soon busily employed in training men's voices, for

which he composed many part songs. It was at Zurich, and in 1842, that "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," also known as "Agathe," was first sung (by Fraülein Agathe Reuss). The song was received with much favor by the audience, but a publisher willing to risk printing it, with its six companions, was not easily found. At last Gopel, of Stuttgart, made the venture, and a lucky hit for Abt it proved. Within a year or two Abt was known all over Christendom, and youths and maidens everywhere were singing his song. In 1852 Abt went to Brunswick, where he acquired many dignities—director of the *Hof Theater*, *Capellmeister*, and director of the Court Orchestra among them. He was one of the directors at the great festival in Dresden in 1865. September 29 and 30, 1877, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Abt's election as *Capellmeister*, was celebrated with much pomp of a musical sort at Brunswick. Congratulatory letters and telegraph despatches came from all parts of the world, and many gifts of value, including silver and gold laurel wreaths, were presented to the hero of the occasion.

Abt directed his scientific attainments to the production of songs that were singable, a quality that some composers of much greater fame, contemporaneous with Abt and of the same nationality, have apparently cast aside as valueless, if indeed, they could appreciate its value. But Abt was essentially a singer, and the human voice was the only instrument that had an abiding charm for him. He wrote in his youth dance music and other light pieces for pianoforte—some of the former arranged for orchestra were very popular in the German gardens—but subsequently it was song, always song, to which he gave his thought. For if he wrote a treatise, it was on theory and composition—necessary branches of knowledge for a songwriter—or on the art of singing. And if he wrote for orchestra, it was only to furnish an accompaniment for a vocal work. In 1844 he was at work on an opera for Leipzig, but it does not appear that it was ever produced.

More than six hundred compositions, for single voice or for two or more voices, came from his pen. And although among these are some that are commonplace, and many others that grouped betray a strong family resemblance, on the whole they show fertility of invention and the quality of expression, and in many cases are characterized by a tenderness and depth of feeling that is at once captivating and enduring.

In 1872 he came to this country to attend Gilmore's "Peace Jubilee" at Boston, and there some of his compositions (among them "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," arranged as a part song) were given under his direction by the maister chorus. During his stay in this country he made hundreds of personal friends, and promised to return to see them at a later date. This date he subsequently fixed for the autumn of 1878; but other interests compelled him to defer a visit which his death has adjourned *sine die*.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The fourth concert of the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" took place at Memorial Hall, on April 11th and presented the following programme:

1. Quartette op. 18, No. 1, (a) *Allegro con brio*, (b) *Adagio*, (c) *Scherzo*, (d) *Allegro*, Beethoven, Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Soprano, "Le Pre Aux Clercs," Abt, Miss Elise Matthews, Violin Obligato, Mr. Geo. Heerich, 3 Piano, (a) *La Filleuse*, Raff, (b) *Serenata*, Moszkowski, (c) *Grande Etude*, C major, Rubinstein, Miss Nellie Strong, 4. Baritone, (a) "Who is Sylvia?" (b) "The Post," Schubert, Mr. Geo. H. Wiseman, 5. Quartette op. 25 (a) *Allegro*, (b) *Intermezzo*, (c) *Andante con moto*, (d) *Rondo Alla Zingaresca*, Brahms, Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

Mr. Victor Ehling was the pianist of the Quintette for the occasion and also the accompanist. He is a pianist of the vigorous order, in fact, he has too much of the arm or punch stroke in his playing. The Miller Artists' Grand, however, stood without a twang of dissatisfaction, all the punishment Mr. Ehling inflicted. As a whole, his work in the Brahms quartette was praiseworthy, as was that of Messrs. Heerich, Schoen and Froelich. The work itself is a very interesting one and its parts are very evenly balanced, as to merit, although, on a first hearing, the whole struck us as odd and, at times, fragmentary. It certainly is original and striking, and it is not improbable that familiarity with it would show symmetry where a first impression discovers only fancifulness.

Miss Strong marred her otherwise excellent playing by a too free use of the *sostenuto* pedal. She, however, bore away the lion's share of the applause and received the only *encore* of the evening from an audience which seemed unusually cold. Miss Matthews sang her selections very nicely, although she was not at her best. Mr. Wiseman sang "Who is Sylvia?" very badly and "The Post" very well, so far as style is concerned: both songs were pitched a full tone too low, however, for Mr. Wiseman, whose upper notes are the best.

The pupils of Mary Institute (the ladies' branch of Washington University), under the able leadership of Mrs. Kate J. Brainard, rendered Root's "Flower Queen," on April 24th, in a manner to reflect credit upon themselves, their music teacher, and the institution, which is one of the best in the West.

Mme. Julie Rivé-King gave two piano recitals at Memorial Hall on April 29 and 30, of which the following are the programmes:

EVENING CONCERT. "Grand Fantasia and Fugue," G minor, Bach-Liszt. "Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia," Op. 27, No. 1, Andante-allegro molto e vivace, Beethoven. (a) "Two Nocturnes;" (b) "Barcarolle," Chopin. "Kreisleriana," (eight fantasias) Schumann. "Adagio," Op. 50, Muz. "Remorse," Nicodé. "Poetic Thoughts," Floersheim. "Toccata de Concert," Dupont. "Wiener Bon Bons," Strauss-Rive-King. (a) "Dance of the Gnomes;" (b) "Polonaise" in E major, Liszt.

MATINEE. 3d "Concerto," C minor, allegro con brio-largo-rondo allegro, Beethoven. Orchestral accompaniment on second piano, Mr. A. I. Epstein. (a) "Berceuse" (Cradle Song); (b) "Etude;" (c) "Prelude;" (d) "Andante and Rondo," Chopin. "Spring Song," Mendelssohn. "Romanza," Saint Saens. "Serenata and Trio," (arr. by Mme. Rive-King,) Moszkowski. "Valse Caprice," Rubinstein. (a) "Concert Waltz," (On Blooming Meadows); (b) "Polonaise Heroique," Rive-King. "Venezia e Napoli," Liszt. "Ungarische Fantasie," Liszt-Buelow. Orchestral accompaniment on second piano, Mr. A. I. Epstein.

Mme. King is too well known as a pianist to need any commendations at our hands. Her technique is unsurpassed, and the fact that she plays her programmes entirely from memory shows that she has fully possessed herself of the compositions she plays. We thought when we heard her last, over a year ago, that she had reached the zenith of her power, but her last performances show that we were mistaken, for Mme. King's playing has gained in breadth and power (the almost universal lack of the playing of ladies) without losing anything in refinement and finish. Mme. King's own compositions were the most applauded, not only because they were of a character to be understood by the average musician, but also because the enthusiastic audiences wished to show as much as possible their admiration for Mme. King personally. Mr. A. I. Epstein presided at the second piano in his very best style, and his work added greatly to the interest of the matinee.

The following are the programmes of the 24th, 25th and 26th Kunkel Popular Concerts:

PROGRAMME OF 24TH CONCERT, THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1885. 1—Piano solo, "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven, Mr. Charles Kunkel. 2—Duet for Soprano and Alto, "Quis est homo," from "Stabat Mater," Rossini, Miss Lily Gavin and Mrs. Zaidée Rossiter-Smith. 3—Glee, "All Hail! Thou Queen of Night," G. W. Martin, The Hatton Glee Club. 5—Soprano solo, "Bel Raggio," from "Semiramide," Rossini, Miss Lily Gavin. 6—Piano solo, "Le Reveil du Lion," DeKontski, Mr. Charles Kunkel. 7—Quartet, "Strike the Lyre," T. Cooke, The Hatton Glee Club. 8—Soprano solo, "Eckert's Echo Song," Eckert, Mrs. Zaidée Rossiter-Smith. 9—Grand duet for Soprano and Alto, "Ebben a ta ferisci," from "Semiramide," Rossini, Miss Lily Gavin and Mrs. Wylkewitz. 10—Glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn!" Spofforth, The Hatton Glee Club.

PROGRAMME OF 25TH CONCERT THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1885.—PART I. 1—Piano solo, "Le Reveil du Lion," Caprice Heroique, DeKontski, Mr. Charles Kunkel. 2—Alto Solo "In Springtime," Miss Sallie Kilpatrick. 3—Barytone solo, "Yeoman's Wedding Song," Poniatowski, Mr. Arthur D. Weld. 4—Reading, Miss Mary Hogan. 5—Violin solo, "Andante et Rondo Russe," Op. 33, de Beriot, Mr. Frank Gecks, Jr. 6—Soprano solo, "Merrily I Roam," Vocal Waltz, Schicffarth, Miss Jennie Greenberg.

PART II. 7—Piano solo, "Gems of Scotland," Rive-King, Mr. Charles Kunkel. 8—Barytone solo, "The Midshipmite," Adams, Mr. Arthur D. Weld. 9—Violin solo, "Souvenir de Bellini," Op. 4, Artot, Mr. Frank Gecks, Jr. 10—Soprano solo, "Caprice Polka," Albitres, Miss Elise Matthews. 11—Reading, Miss Mary Hogan. 12—Duo for Piano and Violin, "La Fille du Regiment," Op. 83 de Beriot, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Frank Gecks, Jr.

PROGRAMME OF 26TH CONCERT, THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 23, 1885.—1—"Andante avec Variations, pour deux pianos," Op. 22, Junkelmann, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 2—Songs, (a) "Who is Sylvia?" (b) "Hark, hark, the Lark," (serenade) Schubert, Mr. Robinson. 3—Piano Solo, "Andante and Allegro aus Mendelssohn's Violin-Concert, Op. 64," in Freir Uebertragung, fuer Klavier, Rive-King, Mr. Chas. Kunkel. 4—Duos for two pianos, (a) Impromptu ueber ein Motiv aus Schumann's "Manfred," Op. 66, Reinecke, (b) "Phaeton," (Poeme Symphonique) Op. 39, Saint Saens, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 5—"Cavatina du Page," (Les Huguenots) Meyerbeer, Mrs. Zaidée Rossiter-Smith. 6—Grand Duo Pour Deux Pianos, sur "L'Etoile du Nord" de Meyerbeer, d'après une Fantaisie de Kullak, Wehle, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 7—Song, "Across the far Blue Hills, Marie," Blumenthal, Mr. Robinson. 8—Duets for one Piano, (a) "Danse Caractéristique," (b) "Suite de Valses," Kroeger, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 9—Grand Aria, "Thou who know'st," from "I Due Foscari," Verdi, Mrs. Zaidée Rossiter-Smith. 10—Grand Fantasia for two Pianos on "Les Huguenots," Páris-Liszt, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger.

These three concerts kept up the reputation for excellence of selection and rendition which the Kunkel Popular Concerts have deservedly acquired. Large audiences were present at all of them, that of the 26th concert (owing probably to the relative heaviness of the programme) being, however, the lightest.

THE SISTERS MILANOLLO REDIVIVÆ.

ABOUT 1840, two young Italian violinists, sisters, Teresa and Maria Milanollo, both still children, revolutionized Paris and France, and achieved prodigious success by playing together at a long series of concerts, which was simply a succession of ovations, and earned for them a well-merited reputation. Their triumphs were no less when the pair traveled through Germany, England, Italy (their native country), Belgium, and Holland. They subsequently returned to be again applauded in France. Maria, the younger, died in the flower of her youth, before completing her sixteenth year. This was a terrible blow for her sister, who could not for a long time make up her mind to resume her artistic tours. She subsequently married a French officer of engineers,

now General Parmentier, who, also, took a great interest in music, both as a writer and a composer. Once more we have two sisters, two violinists, still children (they are fourteen and twelve respectively), bearing the name of Milanollo, who appear destined to follow in the footsteps of the pair of sisters who preceded them. These two young girls are cousins of Mme. Teresa Milanollo-Parmentier. After playing with much success at concerts which they gave in Strassburgh and Mülhausen, they have just reaped a plentiful harvest of bravos in Italy. The elder is named Clotilda; the younger, Adelaïda, and we are informed that both are naturally clever and bid fair to become real virtuosas. We may, however, remark that they are not, as an Alsatian paper asserts, pupils of the Paris Conservatory, but that does not prevent our wishing them very heartily a continuation of their success.—*Le Ménestrel.*



OUR MUSIC.

"MAZEPPA," (Galop Brillant).....Strelzki.

In this composition, the Russian pianist and composer (now a resident of Memphis, Tenn.) has added to his reputation by adding a meritorious work to the piano music of the day. "Mazeppa" needs but to be played as it should be to please alike the critical and the uncritical.

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE," (Edition de salon) Kunkel.

Kunkel Brothers publish two editions of this composition. The one we give here is the easier of the two, being of the third or fourth grade, while the other (Concert) edition is of the seventh grade. Of course, the latter is the more effective in the hands of a first-class player, but it is quite unsuited to the technical acquirements of average pianists. For these, the edition given here is preferable. "Vive la République," is the best piano composition based on "La Marseillaise" with which we are acquainted, and, we believe, the best extant. We have never heard it played without eliciting the greatest enthusiasm of concert audiences.

"RINK WALTZ," (Duet).....Sidus.

Our younger learners will all want to learn this melodious little duet, and their teachers will take pleasure in having them do so, for the unpretentious composition is very well written for the purpose of a teaching piece.

"TELL ME WHY,".....Wakefield.

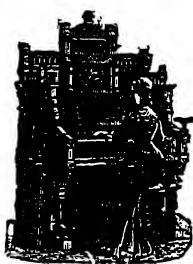
If our readers should find that we here introduce them to an old acquaintance and ask us to tell them why, we shall have to refer them to our publishers. This edition of the song generally known under the title of "No, Sir," is, however, more than a mere reprint—several modifications have been introduced in the music and the German text is entirely new.

The music contained in this issue costs in sheet form:

"MAZEPPA," (Galop Brillant).....Strelzki \$ 75
"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE,".....Kunkel 1 00
"RINK WALTZ," (Duet).....Sidus 60
"TELL ME WHY," (Song).....Wakefield 35

Total.....\$2 70

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NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

Kunkel's Royal Edition

Of Standard Piano Compositions with revisions, explanatory text, ossia's, and careful fingering (foreign fingering) by Dr. Hans Von Bulow, Dr. Franz Liszt, Carl Klindworth, Ernest R. Kroeger, Julie Rive-King, Theodor Kullak, Louis Kohler, Carl Reinecke, Robert Goldbeck, Charles and Jacob Kunkel, and others.

A Starry Night.....	Sidney Smith	\$ 75
La Baladine.....	Ch. B. Lysberg	75
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Spinnerlied.....	Litloff	75
Helmweh (Longing for Home).....	Albert Jungmann	35
Chant du Berger.....	M. de Colas	40
L'Argentine (Silver Thistle).....	Eugene Ketterer	75
Bonnie Doon and Bonnie Dundee (Fantasia).....	Willie Pape	75
Nocturne in D flat (Bleeding Heart).....	Dehler	60
Grand Galop de Concert.....	E. Ketterer	75
Rippling Waves (Wellenspiel).....	Fritz Spindler	50
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Pure as Snow.....	Gust Lange	60
Tannhäuser March.....	Julie Rive-King-Wagner-Liszt	1 50
Thine Image, Romanza.....	Chopin	75
First Love.....	Chopin	60
Will-o-the Wisp (Caprice).....	Chopin	75
Consolation.....	Chopin	50
Spring Waltz.....	Chopin	35
Autumn Waltz.....	Chopin	50
Forget Me Not, (Nocturne).....	Chopin	60
Weeping Poland (Nocturne).....	Chopin	50
Summer Waltz.....	Chopin	35
Gavotte, in A minor.....	Brandeis	75
March from Tannhäuser.....	Jean Paul	50
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Stephanie Gavotte.....	E. Ketterer	75
La Chase.....	Rheinberger	50

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MAZEPPA.

Galop de Concert.

A. Strelzki.

Tempo di Galop.

The musical score for 'Mazeppa' is a galop in 2/4 time, composed by A. Strelzki. It is marked 'Tempo di Galop'. The piece is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and fingerings. Dynamic markings include *ff* (fortissimo), *sf* (sforzando), *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *cres.* (crescendo). Performance instructions include 'rapido' (fast) and 'Ped.' (pedal). The score is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages, often marked with '12' (twelve notes). The piece concludes with a final cadence.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system includes fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) with asterisks indicating pedal changes.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings and a forte (*f*) dynamic. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks are present.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings and a piano (*p*) dynamic. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks are present. A *sf* (sforzando) dynamic appears in the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks are present. A *mf cresc.* (mezzo-forte crescendo) dynamic appears in the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings and a forte (*f*) dynamic. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks are present. A *fff* (fortississimo) dynamic appears in the bass staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff includes fingerings and a piano (*p*) dynamic. Pedaling instructions (*Ped.*) and asterisks are present.

8

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

This system contains the first six measures of the piece. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a common time signature. The first measure is marked with a forte (ff) dynamic. The music features complex chordal textures in the right hand and more active lines in the left hand. Pedal points are indicated below the first, third, and fifth measures, with asterisks marking the second and fourth measures.

8

Poco piu lento. *Cantabile.*
mp e tranquillo.

Ped. Ped. * Ped. 1 2 * Ped. 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped.

This system contains measures 7 through 12. The tempo and mood change, indicated by the markings "Poco piu lento.", "Cantabile.", and "mp e tranquillo.". The music becomes more melodic and flowing. Pedal points are indicated below measures 7, 8, 10, 11, and 12, with asterisks marking measures 9 and 10. Fingering numbers are visible above the notes.

Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. * Ped. 1 2 3 Ped.

This system contains measures 13 through 18. The musical texture continues with flowing lines in both hands. Pedal points are indicated below measures 13, 14, 15, 17, and 18, with an asterisk marking measure 16.

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

This system contains measures 19 through 24. The music features more complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic contrasts. Pedal points are indicated below measures 19, 20, 21, 23, and 24, with asterisks marking measures 22 and 23.

Ped. Ped. Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 3 Ped.

This system contains measures 25 through 30. The music continues with a focus on melodic development and harmonic support. Pedal points are indicated below every measure from 25 to 30.

Ped. 1 2 3 Ped. 1 2 4 * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

This system contains measures 31 through 36, which conclude the piece. The music builds towards a final cadence. Pedal points are indicated below measures 31, 32, 34, 35, and 36, with asterisks marking measures 33 and 34. The final measure (36) ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

[illegible]


Repeat from the beginning to 8: then go to the finale

Musical score for "The Merry Widow" by Franz Lehár, measures 1-6. The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and features a piano accompaniment. The right hand plays a repeating eighth-note pattern, while the left hand provides a bass line. The measures are marked with "Ped." (Pedal) and "8" (Octave).

[illegible]

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE.

Paraphrase de Concert.

Andante M. M.  - 88

par Charles Kunkel.

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* *

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* *

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* *

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* *

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* **Ped.* *

Ped. *

pp

Ped. * Ped. Ped.

ff p

Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped.

Maestoso M.M. 132
La Marseillaise

ff

Ped. * Ped.* Ped.* Ped.* Ped.

dolce.

Ped. * Ped. Ped.

p

Ped. * Ped. Ped.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in G major and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the piano part. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first four measures, and the second system contains the next four measures. The score ends with a double bar line. The piano part is marked with "Ped." (pedal) and asterisks (*) to indicate where the pedal should be used. The voice part is written in a single line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the voice line. The score is a black and white print.

Var: I. Brillante.
Allegro M.M. - 152

p
leggiero.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and some moving lines. Pedal markings are present below the bass staff.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Second system of musical notation. Similar to the first, it features dense melodic textures in the treble and harmonic accompaniment in the bass. Pedal markings continue.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Third system of musical notation. The melodic lines remain intricate. Pedal markings are present.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Fourth system of musical notation. The tempo marking *Risoluto.* appears above the treble staff. The music transitions to a more direct, powerful style. Pedal markings are present.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Fifth system of musical notation. The piece concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. Pedal markings are present.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

M. M. 112.

dolce.

A musical score for a piano piece. The score is written on two staves, treble and bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The first staff has a treble clef and the second staff has a bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, with some fingerings indicated (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5). There are several measures of rest, indicated by a large 'Lunga Pausa.' (Long Pause) written across the staves. The score ends with a 'Ped.' (Pedal) instruction and a star symbol (*).

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The second system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one flat. The melody continues in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some markings that appear to be fingerings or performance instructions, such as 'Ped.' and asterisks.

First system of musical notation for a piano cadenza. The system consists of two staves (treble and bass). The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *p*, *pp*, and *f*. Pedal points are indicated by "Ped." and asterisks. Fingerings are shown with numbers 1-4. There are also some "x" marks above notes, possibly indicating breath marks or specific articulation.

Allegro. M.M. $\text{♩} = 152$
Cadenza.

Second system of musical notation for a piano cadenza. This system continues the piece with complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings like *f* and *pp* are present. The notation includes many "x" marks above notes, likely indicating breath marks or specific articulation. The system ends with a repeat sign and a final note.

8

molto cresc:

Ped.

8

Ped.

Signal.

Lunga Pausa.

echo. pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Allegro. M. M. 168

Mourir pour la Patrie.

pp

drum

sans Pedale.
(Without Pedal)

cres:

Ped.

Grandioso.

ff *ff* *f* *f* *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

agitato.

f *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ff

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

CON BRAVOURA.

ff

Ped.

ff *sempre ff* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *ff*

Ped. *

RINK WALTZ.

Tempo di Valse ♩.—80.

Secondo.

Carl Sidus Op. 85.

The first system of musical notation for 'Rink Waltz'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass. The treble staff contains a series of chords, mostly triads, with some fingerings indicated (e.g., 5, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff contains a series of eighth notes, mostly beamed in pairs. A dynamic marking *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff. Below the staves, the instruction *Pedale ad libitum.* is written.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with similar chordal and eighth-note patterns. Dynamic markings *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are present. Fingerings are indicated above the treble staff.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the piece with similar chordal and eighth-note patterns. A dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present.

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the piece with similar chordal and eighth-note patterns. A dynamic marking *f* (forte) is present. A repeat sign is visible at the beginning of the system.

The fifth system of musical notation, which is the final system on the page. It continues the piece with similar chordal and eighth-note patterns. It ends with a double bar line and two first endings, labeled 1 and 2.

RINK WALTZ.

Tempo di Valse $\text{♩} = 80$.

Primo.

Carl Sidus Op. 85.

The first system of musical notation for 'Rink Waltz'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with fingerings (1-5) and slurs. The left hand plays a simple bass line. The system ends with a fermata over the final notes.

Pedale ad libitum.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand has more complex figures with slurs and fingerings. The left hand continues its bass line. The system ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

The third system of musical notation. It features a variety of note values and slurs. The right hand has a series of chords and single notes. The left hand continues the bass line. The system ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand has a series of chords and single notes. The left hand continues the bass line. The system ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

N. B.

The fifth system of musical notation. It continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand has a series of chords and single notes. The left hand continues the bass line. The system ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

N. B. The small notes are ad libitum.

Secondo.

First system of musical notation, piano part. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords, while the right hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

Second system of musical notation, piano part. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords, while the right hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords. The dynamic marking *f* is present. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to D major.

Third system of musical notation, piano part. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords, while the right hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords. The dynamic marking *p* is present.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano part. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords, while the right hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords. The dynamic marking *ff* is present. The system includes a first ending bracket labeled 1. and a second ending bracket labeled 2.

Fifth system of musical notation, piano part. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords, while the right hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords. The dynamic marking *p* is present. The system includes a first ending bracket labeled 1. and a second ending bracket labeled 2.

Sixth system of musical notation, piano part. The left hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords, while the right hand (bass clef) plays a series of chords. The dynamic marking *ff* is present. The system includes a first ending bracket labeled 1. and a second ending bracket labeled 2.

Primo.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamic marking *mf*.

dolce.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamic markings *f* and *mf*.

or

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamic marking *mf*.

ff

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamic marking *ff*.

mf

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamic marking *mf*.

or

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamic marking *mf*.

Secondo.

This piano score, titled "Secondo.", consists of six systems of music. Each system is written for a grand piano with a treble and bass staff. The music is characterized by dense, block-like chords in the treble and a more rhythmic, often single-note or dyad-based bass line. The dynamics vary throughout, starting with *mf* (mezzo-forte) and moving through *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo) to a final *ff* ending. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system features a *f* dynamic. The third system includes a small number "2" in the bass staff. The fourth system returns to *mf*. The fifth system features a *f* dynamic. The sixth system includes a crescendo marking (*cres.*) followed by a decrescendo marking (*cen.*) and a final *ff* dynamic. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "finito" written vertically.

mf

f

f

mf

f

f

cres. *cen.* *do.* *ff* *ff*

finito

Primo.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamics include *mf*.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamics include *f*.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. A note indicates "The small notes are *ad libitum*."

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamics include *mf*.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamics include *f*.

8

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. Treble and bass staves with various notes and fingerings. Dynamics include *f*, *ff*, *sf*, and *ff*. A crescendo line is marked "cres. cen. do."

TELL ME WHY?

(SAG' WARUM!)

A. M. Wakefield.

3. Wenn du

1. Sag' mir

Moderato ♩ - 88.

3. in dem Gar-ten wandelst, Blumen pflü - kend, thau-ge - tränkt, Sag' mir,
1. ein ding, sag's ge-treu-lich, Sprich, was soll dies Grollen sein! Sag' wa-

1. one thing tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me so, Tell me
3. walk - ing in the gar - den, Pluck - ing flow'rs all wet with dew, Tell me,

3. wenn ich Dich be-glei-te, Sag' mir, ob dich das wohl kränkt!
1. rum auf je - de Fra-ge Du nichts weisst, als im-mer Nein!

1. why, when ask'd a ques-tion, You will al - ways ans-wer no!
3. will you be of - fen - ded, If I walk and talk with you!

3. *Nein Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr, nein.....Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr,*
 1. *Nein Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr, nein.....Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr,*
Animato.

3. No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!
 1. No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

3. *nein Herr, nein.*
 1. *nein Herr, nein*

4. *Und wenn*
 2. *Fa - ter*

1. no sir! no
 3. no sir! no
 2. My fa - ther
 4. If when

4. *in dem Gar ten wandeln Ich Dich bü - te: O sei mein Mei - ne*
 2. *treibt in Spanien Han - del Hut beim Ab - schied mir ge - sagt: Nie ver -*

2. was a Spa - nish mer - chant, And be - fore he went to sea He told me
 4. walk - ing in the gar - den I should ask you to be mine And should

4. *Lie - be Dir ge - ste - hend Sag - test du auch dann blos: Nein!*
 2. *giss' antwort ihm im - mer Nein, was im - mer er auch fragt."*

2. to be sure and answer No, to all you said to me.
 4. tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart de - cline!

4. *Nein Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr, nein, nein, nein, nein, nein Herr;*
 2. *Nein Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr, nein, nein, nein, nein, nein Herr;*
 Animato.

2. No sir! no sir! no sir! no, no, no, no, no sir!
 4. No sir! no sir! no sir! no, no, no, no, no sir!

Animato.

4. *nein Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr, nein.*
 2. *nein Herr, nein Herr, nein Herr, nein.*
 f.

2. no sir! no sir! no sir! no.
 4. no sir! no sir! no sir! no.

Ped. N.B. Ped. Ped. *

N.B. The small notes may be played or omitted.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, April 22, 1885.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Wagner! Last month it was Bach, and the month before it was Handel. But this month it has been dissonances, and the music of the future, and Boston, has gone into frenzied enthusiasm over rather weak performances of "Die Walküre." Yet I wish to qualify the adjective. The performances were fine enough as related, to the chief singers, but the orchestra was comparatively weak, and not perfectly conducted. The stage setting was by no means comparable to the European, but that was not to be expected. Yet I did feel annoyed when Wotan sentences Brunnhilde to her long sleep and surrounds her with a circle of flame, and instead of flame (the fire was in the background) a cloud of steam surrounded the Walkyrie as if she had been sentenced to take a Russian bath. But there! why should I find fault with the best Wagnerian performance which has yet taken place in America?

If Mr. Walter Damrosch is not yet a perfect conductor, he shows signs of speedily becoming one, that is, if he is not spoiled by the exaggerated praise bestowed on him by critics who do not know what they are talking about.

Materna was, of course, great in all her roles. Yet she too labored under disadvantages. In the first place, the accompaniments were rigid and inelastic, and secondly, she had yielded to our climate, and, to give Wagnerian alliteration,

"Pleasingly played with plasters of mustard,"

Sneezing and snuffles.

Yet she bravely kept to her work, and the public scarcely knew what an invalid she was.

Brandt made a success here in every role she played. There is but one lady on the lyric stage to-day who is her equal in combining dramatic power with vocal effect, and that is Pauline Lucca.

Schott was the full tenor *robusto*, just suited to the heroic characters of the Wagner Music Drama.

Fraulein Slach made many friends here by her unaffected ways, and her clear and conscientious singing. Her best character was that of Sieglinde, in "Die Walküre."

Miss Martiney was most successful in "La Dame Blanche," although she did not have half a chance in the repertoire.

Herr Staudigl was superb as Wotan. Yet I wish that he could have also been heard in public, apart from the opera. In German *Lieder* of which he is one of the best singers. I had the good fortune to hear him twice in songs of this kind, and I was astounded at the exquisite beauty with which this bass-baritone invests the creations of Schubert.

As for the rest of the troupe, they were adequate to their roles. Herr Robinson occasionally sang out of tune, but I admired his broad, massive style. Herr Udvardy used his voice well in the middle register, but in "La Dame Blanche" failed utterly in reaching the high C, although he tried three times, the audience viewing the attempts with wonder. But the real charm of the opera was that all the persons on the stage were obliged to act as well as sing. There was no stolid "paid-by-the-hour-and-doubtful-about-getting-it" expression on the chorus, as there so often is upon the faces of the choruses of sunny Italia. There was careful stage management, and real acting in almost every detail.

During the stay of the company in Boston, several of them visited the New England Conservatory of Music. It was a most favorable time to do so, for the vast college never exhibited more activity than at present. Examinations are going on, and the great dining hall is crowded with anxious students going through the questions in theory, harmony, counterpoint and composition. Meanwhile in another part is a great loan exhibition of paintings, arranged by Prof. Willard, the principal of the art department. This exhibition is not only for the students, but is open at certain times to the public, and contains many famous works of art, both by foreign and native artists. Into this field of activity the German singers came, and nothing could equal their astonishment. As they went through the corridors lined with students who applauded as they passed through the library, parlors, gymnasium, teaching rooms, organ rooms, etc., etc., expressions of surprise were continually on their lips. Finally, when the chapel was reached, and found thronged with expectant students, the artists could not resist the entreaty, and sang. Herr Staudigl sang Schubert's "Wanderer," and Fraulein Brandt sang "I have lost my Eurydice," both in the most excellent manner, as if they felt they were performing to a semi-professional audience. The visit lasted some two hours.

The Handel and Haydn Society have added a little of Handel as a Wagnerian antidote. They closed their season on Easter Sunday with "Israel in Egypt." It was, in the main, a good performance, although the chorus was thin at times, and not always bold in attack. Yet the chief numbers, such as the "Hailstone chorus" and the "Horse and his Rider," went magnificently. The soloists were all good, but the greatest triumph was made in the bass duet, "The Lord is a man of war," which Messrs. Winch and Whitney sang with fire and spirit.

The Symphony concerts are ended, and Mr. Gericke has retired on his laurels, and gone to Vienna to enjoy well-earned repose. He is engaged for next season, when we are promised the 9th symphony, and also symphonies by Götze, Berlioz, Liszt, and a great many other novelties which will be most welcome to the public and to COMES.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, April 21, 1885.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

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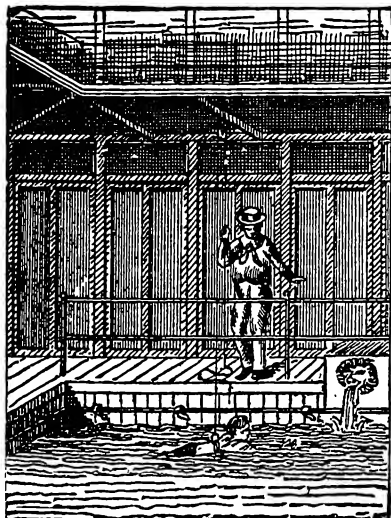
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SEASON, 1885.

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nearly so, the best seats in the house (keeping messenger boys—thirty and forty in a string—in front of the Root & Sons Music Co., where the tickets were sold, all night, and thus having first chance); a grand boom was inaugurated, which caused the "people" (poor people, including musicians) to imagine that it was the true spirit of love for music, which caused these sold out houses. Not so in reality! Poor people had to "stand up" just the same as before cheap opera was introduced, and Patti night seats cost ten dollars, yes, fifteen dollars in dress circle and parquette, and four dollars on the top gallery—one and a half squares away from the stage. Thanks to the business tact of the speculators! For the last four or five nights it was impossible to get inside of the building—holding ten thousand human beings; of these several thousand could "see" nothing and "hear" very little; it was a perfect crush! The prospectus says:

"The Chicago Opera Festival Association was organized (and incorporated April 16th, 1884.) primarily to remedy this evil, and provide Grand Opera for the people at popular prices within the reach of all, and, at the same time, to raise the performances to a higher standard of excellence. Ultimately, it is desired to foster the production of original works in our own language, and thus inaugurate a movement, the justness of which is unchallenged, and the demand for which is rapidly increasing.

The benefits to our people of this two-fold philanthropic object are so evident as to warrant the assertion that the "Chicago Opera Festival," in its successful accomplishment, will mark a new era in the history, not only of Chicago, but of the entire United States."

This all sounds very nice and "philanthropic," but when tickets are offered at news-stands, cigar-stores, in the hotels, on the street corners and in apple-venders' booths at a premium of two hundred or three hundred per cent., where does the benefit to the people of limited means come in? These are facts, which cannot be disputed. And, again, it is very questionable, if it was an artistic success! "Lohengrin" was mercifully murdered, "Faust" was very inferior, "Rigoletto" not above the average, and "The Freischütz" very "tart," so to speak. "Semiramide," "Aida" and "Lucia," and, perhaps, "Il Trovatore" were produced with effect, and pleased best. To speak of the artists, of course, Patti and Scalchi are above criticism, both were lionized; they are great artists, and deserve the full benefit of recognition as such; as to Mlle Nevada, opinion somewhat differs, and the "boom" gotten up for her by a patriotic class of citizens, was certainly out of taste and your correspondent heard many ridiculous remarks about it. Among other "freaks" of her admirers, the lady was "carted" around town in a vehicle decorated with flowers, a brass band ahead, amid the howling and yelling of hundreds of newsboys, young men of the "dude species," and the like. Of course, this made "Signor Italiano" mad, and when Nevada wished to sing "Home, Sweet Home," after Patti's singing it the evening before, (which was very much out of taste on the part of Mlle N.) Signor Arditi kindly refused to play. This caused a great "kick" on the part of young and old America, and after vociferous stamping of feet, shouting and clapping of dainty hands, eight or ten recalls, hisses, etc., Signor Arditi played, and the honor of the United States was redeemed. I need not say, that Patti sings a little better than Nevada. Please pardon, kind reader, that I am not so patriotic as I should be, but justice demands this statement, and I have never dared to go back on the blindfolded goddess.

Of the gentlemen, *vox populi* recognizes Signor De Anna as the most popular, he is an artist, and certainly has a future before him; Cherubini was much admired, Nicolini not so much so. The latter has a few high notes, that created a stir occasionally, otherwise his voice is "worn." The "professional" chorus was fair, and the amateur chorus (drilled, as extensively advertised, by Silas G. Pratt,) as much as we did hear, quite acceptable. The scenic effects and settings were admirable, and especially those in "Aida," called forth much applause. Taken as a whole it was an extensive affair, and I doubt very much, if any city in this country could outdo Chicago in a gigantic enterprise like this. The attendance for the two weeks is given as one hundred and twelve thousand; total receipts one hundred and thirty two thousand dollars; total expenses about one hundred and twelve thousand dollars, of which Col. Mapleson has a guarantee of fifty thousand dollars, and one-half of the net profit; building of theatre forty thousand dollars, musicians, advertising, etc., twenty thousand dollars, odds and ends two thousand dollars, balance net profit twenty thousand dollars. It seems incredible that the profit should be so small; but I learned that Patti receives four thousand two hundred dollars every time she appears; this would be six times in two weeks, or twenty-five thousand two hundred dollars, or one-half of the guarantee to the Colonel. This is an enormous sum—no wonder these chorus girls looked so hungry!

The orchestra consisted of eighty musicians, fifty Chicagoans and thirty from the East; it was first-class in every opera.

I think I've said enough and will close; suffice it to say that after the "Damrosch German Opera" and this "Opera Festival," our pocketbooks have been emptied, and other first-class theatres and amusements of all kinds suffer considerably. Soon a number of houses will close for annual repairs. There have been and there will be no concerts of consequence for some time, and local artists are very "subdued." Mr. Pratt, enthused with his success, will retain the leadership of the festival chorus, and threatens a revival of "Zenobia." What have we done, that we should thus be punished?

Haverly's Minstrels will be in your city on May 3d, (Chicago May 11th) and Mr. Edwin Harley, the leading tenor of the company, writes that he is scoring a great success with the waltz song: "My Lover is a Sailor Lad!" More anon.

Trade is picking up, and we all hope for better times

LAKE SHORE

CANADA.

MONTREAL, April 21, 1885.

TO THE EDITOR OF KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.—
At the Academy of Music, Henry Thomas, Lessee and Manager, Messrs. Belot and d'Ennery's French drama, "The Pavements of Paris," was presented to a very large audience. The piece by no means justified the expectations excited regarding it. Wm. Harold Forsberg properly took the part of *Vicomte de Flacolin*, who has gone down the steep road until he has become a blackleg and a pickpocket. He invests the character with all its cool impudence and introduces at times a touch of pathos when he incidentally refers to his former life and puts on a quiet air of dignity which entitles him to a certain amount of respect. Mr. Morris, whose name is so well known here made an excellent impersonation of *Monsieur Bonneau*, the excitable and impetuous Frenchman and his curious antics, every time he appeared, convulsed the audience.

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Mr. Byron Douglas as the *Baron de Guerin*, an unscrupulous villain who uses the *Vicomte de Flachon* as a catspaw, also made a decided hit. Mr. J. L. Morgan made an excellent impersonation of *Lieut. Peronne*, the fiery young French officer. Miss Emily Bancker takes the part of *Marie* to perfection. She portrays all the freshness and innocence of a country girl, and looks altogether as pretty as *Marie* ought to be. The remainder of the company which is a much stronger one than is usually seen on the road, also took their parts well. The scenery is very fine and several very effective tableaux are introduced. The scenes which depict the struggle between *de Flachon* and *Peronne*, the escape of the *Baron de Guerin* from the cellar into the railway tunnel, where he is killed by a passing train, and the arrest of *de Flachon* at the depot, just as a giant locomotive comes puffing in, are in themselves worth seeing.

Millock's light opera "The Beggar Student" was produced in Montreal for the first time by the "Thompson Opera Coy." before one of the largest audiences of the season, which was unanimous in pronouncing the work a complete success. The most meritorious artist in the troupe is probably your fellow-townsmen, Mr. Branson.

Your correspondent will furnish you with more particulars about the doings in Montreal, in his next account.

FERD PAGE.

HE CALLED ON THE SHERIFF.

The morning following a performance of "Martha," at Limerick, Ireland, writes Fred Dixon to the *Indicator*, I received a formidable document in a large official envelope from the sheriff of Limerick, expressing that gentleman's indignation at my portrayal of the part of the Sheriff in "Martha," which he looked upon as an insult to himself, and requesting my attendance with an apology at his office at noon. With some little trepidation, and visions of contempt of court and the county jail I went, and was received by a portly gentleman with whom was a couple of officers of constabulary. "Well, sir," said he, "what have you got to say." I stammered out my regret at offending him, and explained that I was English and not familiar with the ways of the country. They listened somewhat impatiently, and after a whispered consultation one of the officers said: "This does not seem to bear on the case. State in a few words as you can what you know, and confine yourself to facts." I proceeded as well as my chattering teeth would allow to give the particulars of the libretto of "Martha," and the character of the Sheriff. They looked more and more puzzled, as well as impatient, and the former spokesman said: "But what do you know about these men?" "What men?" said I. "Those you wrote about," said he, sharply, "are you going to explain, or are you not?" I was beginning for the third time to apologize when he stopped me, and showing me a letter, said "Is this your handwriting?" "Certainly not," said I. "Didn't you come here to denounce a conspiracy of the Fenians?" "No," said I. "Then what the devil did you come for?" "Because you told me," said I, producing his letter to me. They looked at it, compared with the one in their possession, then at each other, tittered, and then roared—we were the victims of a hoax; but they kept me to dinner, and I have the dimmest recollection of how we got through the show that night. The hoaxer was Charles Durand, the barytone, who used to travel with Lucy Escott and Henry Squires. He was the hero of many similar stories. Among others he sent two Sisters of Mercy and a priest to give the last rites of the church to an old toper in the chorus, who was sleeping off the effects of the previous night's libations. On another occasion he sent a coffin to Henry Haigh, the tenor, to whom one night in the first scene in "Faust," a super gravely walked on, by his instructions, and presented a steaming glass of punch. Upon another occasion the basso was declaiming vigorously when two stalwart supers rushed on and dragged the astonished singer off the stage.

THE MUSICAL BORE.

MR. ALLWIND perpetrates a flute solo, and you resolve never again to be angry with the street urchin for whistling the latest music hall air. Mr. Catgut assumes a Paganini attitude and mercilessly scrapes on the violin. Then Miss Squeal favors the company with a song or scena—two chest notes to six head notes, and all devoid of quality and sweetness, as is the sound of saw-sharpening. Well, there are amateurs and amateurs, and some are musicians though not professionals; but I ask is it fair, or reasonable, or humane that I should be compelled to listen hour after hour to amateur musicians, who are generally very unmusical, when for a very few shillings, I can hear accomplished musicians? Am I to be scouted as non-musical because I prefer singers who can sing and players who can play? Moreover, you have not only to listen to the amateur musical lions, but you are bound, under the penalty of being stigmatized a bore, to admire and applaud them. The opinions of the amateur musical lions are almost as vexatious as their performances. Do you not think that Patti's upper register is rather metallic? What a pity Nilsson is addicted to florid phrasing! The sonatas of Beethoven are spoiled by the padding! The Italian melodists are saccharine but commonplace. Wagner would be delightful if his motif were not so often involved in misty mysticism. The old English ballads are not bad in their way, but they are so elementary and twangy. And it is an offence to disagree with the amateur musical lion. You have endured the music and the talk for hours, and then as you depart there is another trial of temper. Your hostess in the honeyest tone of voice briefly expostulates on the marvellous gifts of the musical lions she has exhibited, and hopes you have enjoyed the evening. —*Tinsley's Magazine*.

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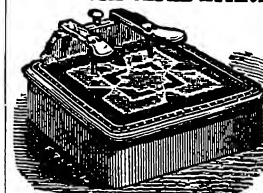
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

GOUNOD has composed a new aria for his Marguerite. The composition is designed for Mlle. Fiquet.

"WHAT amuses me most at the opera," said an Arab chief, who had been taken to hear "Faust," "was one of the musicians in the orchestra, seated a little higher than the rest, who performed on an invisible instrument with a stick."

JOHN C. FREUND has written a play, "True Nobility," which has been accepted by McVicker, and will be given July 1st. From the title, we judge that the Markay de Bloomin humbug and No Count de Fools-heim do not figure in the cast.

JAMES WILLIAM DAVISON, well known in England as an able musical critic, also as the husband of the famous pianist, Arabella Goddard, died at Margate, England, on March 24th, in his seventy-third year. At the time of his death he was editor of *The Musical World*.

MR. EMMONS HAMLIN, of the Mason and Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., died of pneumonia, at the Parker House, Boston, on April 8. He was in his sixty-fourth year. Mr. Hamlin is mourned by a large circle, who recognized in him a high-minded gentleman, an able man, and a generous soul.

"Yes, I do not deny that he gives some money away in charity, but he takes care that everyone shall be aware of the fact; now, as the proverb says, the right hand should not know what is done by the left."—"Oh! that is a stupid proverb, the invention of a pianist who could not play properly."

MERRYDAY & PAINE, Jacksonville, Fla., are a live firm in the music business, who understand the wants of their patrons and keep them well supplied. They are agents for several leading pianos and organs, and carry a large and well-selected stock of small goods and publications, which includes Kunkel Bros.' catalogue.

SIGNOR P. LA VILLA, formerly teacher of vocal music in the Cincinnati College of Music, asks us to state that he will open a Summer Term of vocal instruction in Detroit, Mich., beginning June 14th. Until that date, address him for terms, etc., at 135 East Eighteenth Street, New York. Signor La Villa is not a "musical normal" humbug, but an able and conscientious teacher.

ZELIE.—Some years since Mlle. Zelig of the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, made a professional tour of the world, and gave a concert in the Society Islands. In an exchange for songs from "Norma" and other operas she was to receive a third of the receipts. When the house was counted out, her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, five cocoa-nuts and considerable quantities of bananas, oranges and lemons.

CZIBULKA, the Vienna Capellmeister, has been presented with two snuff-boxes, one formerly belonging to Haydn, and one to Beethoven, the donor being Kochlow, who possesses a great number of relics of celebrated musicians. Haydn's snuff-box is of tortoiseshell, inlaid with gold. The master gave it to his valet, Elsler, father of the famous dancer, Fanny Elsler. Beethoven's is in common wood. How appropriate to the respective characters of the two musicians!

ONE of the most complete and best appointed colleges of the South for young ladies, is the one located in Huntsville, Ala., and under the charge of Rev. A. B. Jones. Every facility is granted to the pupils in various branches, so that on the completion of their course, they leave the institution finished scholars. As this point is unsurpassed for health, parents will do well to correspond with the principal of this academy before sending their daughters elsewhere.

THE St. Louis correspondent of Freund's *Music and Drama* is a bright one—and accurate to a fault. He says that Chevalier de Kotski played the piano part of the Schubert string quartette at the last Memorial Hall Concert. Chevalier de Kotski was not in St. Louis at the time the concert took place, and the brilliant genius of *Music and Drama* mistook the advertisement of De Kotski's piano recitals May 4th, on an extra page of the programme, for a part thereof.

A GERMAN paper says that a proposal has been made to found a "Richard Wagner Musikschule" in Bayreuth, where the musical education is to be conducted in accordance with the principles of the master, and the pupils are to devote themselves to an exhaustive study of the works of the composer. It is further stated that the special endowment of the Wagner Buehnenfestspiel in Bayreuth is likely to receive solid help, as King Ludwig, of Bavaria, has given the total receipts from the "people's representation" of "Tristan und Isolde," in the Munich Court Theatre, on the anniversary of Wagner's death, to this fund.

WHILE the Mapleson troupe were in Philadelphia, Signor Arditì was promenading one of the principal thoroughfares of "the Quaker City," when his ear caught the strains of the "Il Bacio" waltz, of which he himself is the author. Walking in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, he discovered a blind cripple grinding out the air from a decrepit hand-organ. The drawing time at which the melody was ground out agonized the composer, and he remonstrated with the man at the crank for the manner in which his gem was being murdered. He received an impertinent retort and was told to take hold himself if he could do it any better, which he immediately complied with, and seizing the organ ground out the air in a manner satisfactory to himself as well as highly amusing to the crowd of bystanders who had by this time gathered in the vicinity, thinking a harmless musical lunatic had escaped from his keeper. He played the air through, however, and, after rewarding the proprietor of the organ liberally, sauntered on, regardless of the jeers of the crowd.

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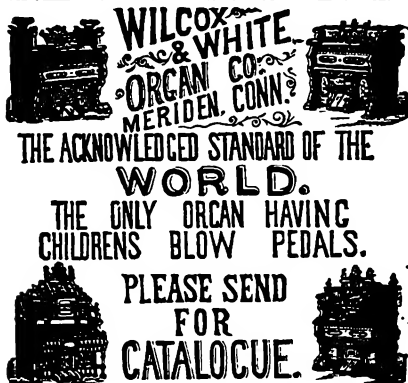
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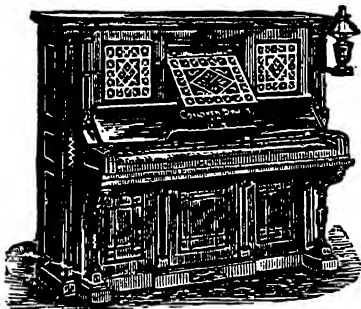
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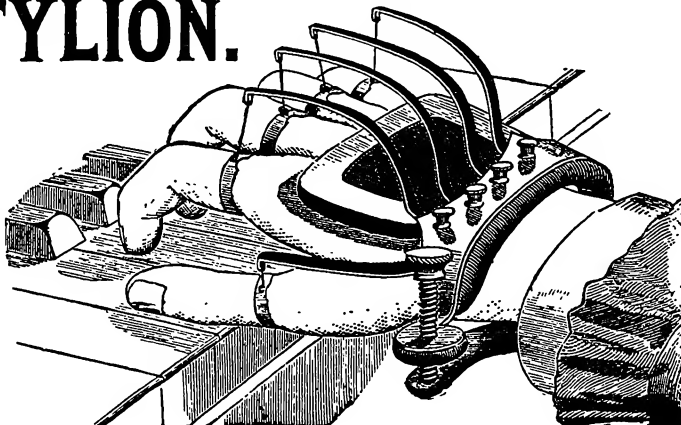
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How Frederic the Great made engagements with singers and dancers, may be learned from the following anecdotes: A certain dancer asked for a position in the ballet, and was ordered by the King to appear before him. When the hour set apart for the interview came, the King received the candidate, simply saying, pass on—and then he said, pass back—looking all the while at his man with a scrutinizing eye. After having passed and repassed, the King said, "good bye," and the dancer was dismissed without having secured employment. The King judged from his gait that he was not the man he wanted.

THE types (those wicked types!) played us several tricks in our last month's issue. Most of these were such as our readers could readily detect, but we wonder what they made out of the sentence in our account of the 23rd Kunkel Popular Concert, which stated that "Mr. Robinson astonished his friends, and, perhaps, himself, by the perception of his work." We had written *perfection*, and in a hasty reading of the proof, failed to discover the improvement introduced by the "intelligent compositor," who in this case, we believe, was a compositress and was doubtless thinking upon the spring fashions instead of absorbing the noble thoughts evolved from the great editorial mind.

FROM Soubies' *Almanach des Spectacles*, we learn that the gross receipts of the Paris theatres for the year 1884 were as follows: Grand Opera (191 performances), \$529,255; Théâtre Français, \$307,268; Opéra-Comique, \$336,827; Odéon, \$85,622; Théâtre-Italien (95 performances), \$225,505; Gymnase, \$258,907; Vaudeville, \$104,495; Palais Royal, \$186,494; Variétés, \$222,902; Porte-Saint-Martin, \$260,395; Ambigu-Comique, \$100,403; Gaité, \$120,087; Châtelet, \$240,389; Menus-Plaisirs, \$18,666; Bouffes, Parisiens, \$64,916; Renaissance, \$43,390; Folies-Dramatiques, \$104,719; Nouveautés, \$10,037; Théâtre-Déjazet, \$17,275; Châteauneuf-d'Eau, \$42,444; Théâtre Cluny, \$100,504; Théâtre Beaumarchais, \$22,354. Total, \$3,567,162.

In one of his European visits, Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, had interviews with Wagner, and in a recent lecture gave some account of that master's method of composition—hardly believable, if the evidence did not come so direct to Mr. Lang, through reliable channels. If there is an author whose works seem slowly built it is Wagner. Yet it appears that he composed with a free hand. He showed Mr. Lang his outlines of "Lohengrin," but added that he no longer made sketches. There was some talk of "Parsifal," and Wagner produced his score book, saying, "There is the opera." Yet the book was blank—void of notes, but ruled for their reception. So clear was Wagner in his own mind as to what he wanted, that on one page were two staves, on another four, on another twenty-four, according to the number of instruments to be called for at each turn of the work. In due time these pages became black with notes hard to read, but requiring no change.

An important event in musical circles, says the *Washington Critic*, is the opening at No. 317 Market space of warerooms by Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co., the celebrated and enterprising piano manufacturers, who have been before the public for nearly fifty years. Messrs. Knabe & Co.'s establishments in New York and Baltimore have been regarded as among the leading musical institutions of those cities, and the opening of salesrooms in this city will afford to Washingtonians similar facilities in dealing with this firm. The assortment of pianos of various styles is complete, and the facilities for examining and selecting unequaled. This new departure will be received with pleasure by our musical citizens, all of whom appreciate the excellence of the Knabe instruments, and the advantage of having such a well-equipped establishment in our midst. Among the specialties at the new warerooms are to be seen the latest styles in inlaid marquetry and fancy wood upright pianos.

LUM SMITH, of 706 Chestnut St., Philadelphia is doing good service in the cause of honesty and morality by his systematic and persistent exposures of frauds. His work deserves recognition. Owing to the fact that this journal is known to circulate largely in female seminaries, convent schools, and among ladies generally, there is hardly a week that goes by without bringing to our publishers offers of twice and thrice the rates they ask, for the insertion of advertisements of "secrets of beauty," "form developers" and other worse humbugs. Our advertising columns are not for sale at any price for such stuff, and we have always rigidly excluded it. Mr. Smith in his papers, *The Public Herald* and *The Agent's Herald*, shows, however, that many publications thought to be respectable, among them some religious papers, team with advertisements of an immoral character. The evil is a gigantic one and the remedy is in the hands of advertisers. They should refuse to let their advertisements appear in the same paper with the advertisement of any business which they would not be willing to have publicly carried on in a portion of the building they occupy for their own business. Public opinion needs to be aroused in this matter and the *Herald* articles on this and similar subjects should be given as wide a circulation as possible. Many of the quacks and swindlers exposed by Lum Smith, retort by saying to him: "You're another." So long as they thus admit that they are one, Smith's work must satisfy those whom they would gull; but we think him "square."

It is really astonishing, writes an expert, to see to what extent the musical perception will become deranged by the daily use of a piano which is gradually changing its pitch.

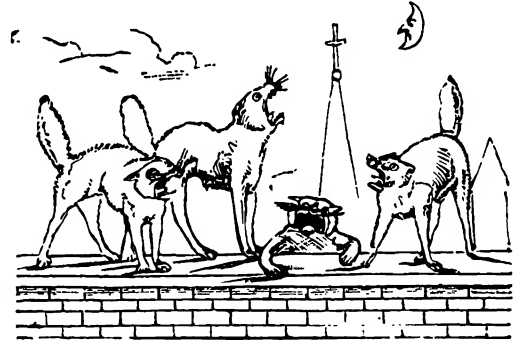
I once tried an experiment upon myself, which, though a hazardous one, I felt was necessary to prove what, from observation, I felt confident was true.

It was this. After carefully tuning my piano, I continued practicing upon it several hours daily, and, though I soon began to notice discrepancies in its intervals, gave no special heed to them, though they annoyed me at first exceedingly.

I continued thus for about nine months, during all of which time I knew the instrument was growing more and more out of tune, though, after the first few months, it quite ceased to annoy me. Finally, fearing to allow the matter to go further, lest I should lose all idea of true pitch relation, I set about a careful study of the actual condition of the piano; and, quite to my dismay and chagrin (for I had congratulated myself, that I was too familiar with interval relation to tolerate any marked change), I found not a single correct interval upon it,—not all of them were badly out of tune, though not a few were, but all were sufficiently incorrect to fully demonstrate that a constant association with impure pitch relations will as certainly degrade the sensitiveness of even an educated ear as the frequent association with the immoral and vile of earth will, sooner or later, drag the noblest of our race to their own base level. I felt the evil results of my experiment for months after, and shall never repeat it again. But it makes one more charitable toward others to have one's own weakness thus forcibly shown. The obvious moral of this is: keep your pianos in tune.

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Shall I, like a love-lorn swain,
Die because a woman's plain?
Shall my locks grow gray with care
Just because she dyes her hair?
Be she hideous as a dream—
Waking sick men with a scream,—
If she look not plain to me,
What care I how plain she be?

Shall a woman's faults inspire,
Day or night, my lips or lyre?
Shall her fallings, countless grown,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Though her temper bad you find
As the worst of womankind,
If she be not cross to me,
What care I how cross she be?

Though her station be not high,
Shall I pine and weakly die?
Shall I scowl or look askance
Though she drop an H perchance?
Virtue makes a queenly dower,
More than rank and more than power;
If she seem not low to me,
What care I how low she be?

You can't get much brass music out of a hat-band. It is a string instrument.

THE upright paragrapher renders unto scissors the things which are scissors.

TUNE for the man who agrees with you in everything—"See the concurring hero comes."

WHAT you don't know about men oftentimes makes them respectable.—*Whitehall Times*.

"CLEAVE to me," she murmured to her escort at the theatre. And as soon as the curtain fell he clove!

A HOMEY young girl has the consolation of knowing that if she lives to be forty, she'll be a pretty old girl.

PROFESSOR (reading) "Enter Mephisto!" (Turning to Mr. C., who has just come in), "Good Morning." (General collapse).—*Columbia Spectator*.

"MALARIA," said the Old Orchard Beach landlady; "well, no, we haven't got it; folks haven't asked for it, but we'll get it for your family."

A STUDENT at Oxford University, on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

A PIPER in a Northumbrian town once asked if he could play "Within a Mile o' Edin-bro' Toon." "Within a mile!" he exclaimed; "Wey, maun, I cud play within ten yards o't."

A YOUNG musician, who adored a girl named Lucy, was forbidden the house by her father. This has had such an effect on him that since then he has had very few Lucy'd moments.

"I DON'T know how it comes," said McGinnis, "but I read in the paper this morning that they were going to play Othello, or the Moor of Venice, but it did not say which one."—*Texas Siftings*.

AN Oakland obituary notice referred to a deceased citizen as having "gone to a happier home." The widow is about bringing a libel suit. These Oakland women are too sensitive for anything.—*San Francisco Post*.

MISS FISHER—I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals. I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself. Pilkins, (who always says the wrong thing)—Oh, everybody thinks that.—*Life*.

SHALL I play "Over the Garden Wall?" asked the organ grinder. "No," replied the citizen, "I would rather you would play in the next street."

A MASSACHUSETTS town had a female barber, and instead of whooping around and raising Bob Ingersoll's no-such-place about it, the women quietly raised a purse of \$400 and gave it to an old bach to marry the shaveress and take her away.

SCENE: Bridal reception. Several of the guests, after shaking hands with the bride, and all speaking at the same time: "Where is the bridegroom?" Bride naively: "Oh, he's up stairs watching the wedding presents."

AN exchange says: "Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves," but it doesn't say how much sugar you take to a pound of Dutch girl, or how long you let 'em boil. The recipe for preserving Dutch girls should be published.

WHEN the funny man of a London paper writes a good joke the editorial staff is called up, oysters are served, and the paper don't appear that day. And it is a noteworthy fact that no London paper has missed a publication day for ten years back.

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THERE is an awful state of affairs in a little Michigan town where a type-setter substituted the word "widows" for "windows." The editor wrote: "The windows of the church need washing badly. They are too dirty for any use, and are a disgrace to our village."

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD boy, while being put to bed by his mother, who is rather stout, said to her in a drowsy tone "Mamma!" "What? my child." "Did God make you?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he asked, as he climbed into bed, "Well, where did he get all the meat?"

AN old man with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered a Washington Avenue drug store, and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."

"GENTLEMEN," said an auctioneer, with true pathos; "if my father and mother stood where you stand, and did not buy this stew-pan, this elegant stew-pan, going at one dollar, I should feel it my bounden duty as a son to tell them they were false to their country and false to themselves."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

THE harrowing intelligence reaches us that Aimée is learning to play the banjo. It is probable that we shall see Mademoiselle spring upon the auditors the old familiar formula, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will now give you an imitation of a brass band coming down the street."—*Ex.*

PRAYER of the Highlander in a terrific storm, and his fishing boat at the mercy of the waves: "Yes, O, mighty, for gracious Lord Tuncan's an awfu' feef; he stole Macquillins' nets and hens, and promised me the half, but never did I get a broon paper's worth. It's twenty years this vera day since I socht a favor from you, and I'll warrant ye if you'll tak us safe into Campbelltown it'll be as long again afore I'll ask aneather."

THE sexton of a New York church, having to be away from his duties one day, got a substitute, who was not acquainted with the congregation, and became much excited when he saw an old man come into one of the pews and raise a peculiar shaped ear trumpet to his face. Springing to his side he said something in a low voice; whereupon the gentleman endeavored to raise the trumpet to his ear, but was prevented by the pseudo-sexton seizing his hand. With increasing voice and excitement he said: "You musn't blow that horn in here. If you do I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of the service or sermon.

Algernon: "Ah! my deah boy; so glad to see you; and how is your suit with Miss De Rich coming on?"

Augustus: "Weally, my boy. I can't say that I've made much progress so far, but I believe I've hit on the right idea now. Do you see this dawg?"

"Of course. What a delightful English pug; just like the one that Miss De Rich admired, by the way."

"It's the very one, my boy. She went into ecstasies over it at the dawg show."

"Ah! I see; so you've bought it for her?"

"No; for myself."

"For yourself? What good can that do you?"

"Why, my boy, can't you see? Bajove, the dear girl will have to take me or lose the dawg, you know."

AN English lord who visited this country was at a dinner given in his honor at a private residence up town. A little daughter of his host, who was too well-bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark:

"And are you really and truly an English lord?"

"Yes," he responded pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought that I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted laughingly.

"N—no," replied the truthful little girl. "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."

"As for me, Daniel, I declined the tickets on the ground that as president of this great nation, it was beneath my dignity to accept free passes to show."

"You did quite right, Grover. I too, declined the passes in my capacity as a cabinet officer."

"Good, good!"

"But I accepted them in my capacity as editor of the Albany *Argus*. I owe it to my profession, Grover, not to surrender any of its rights to a strained sense of the dignity of an employment that is only temporary."

"Ah, yes; I see."

"There must be a dividing line between the Hon. Daniel Manning, cabinet minister, and plain Dan Manning, editor. I draw that line at free show tickets."—*Ex.*

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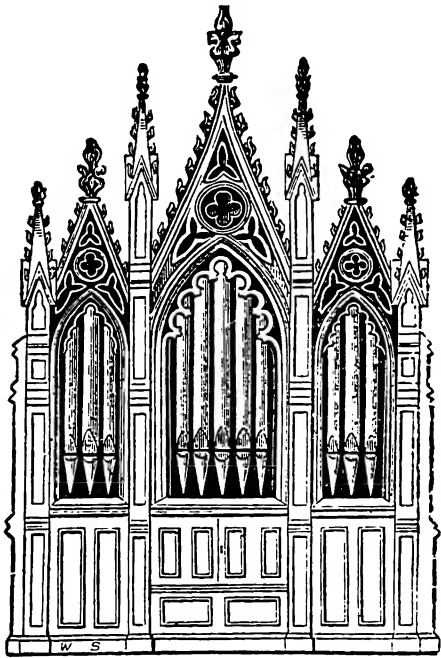
A person who has never used a Stylographic Pen, can not possibly know its value or convenience, or he would certainly procure one at any price. We have used a Pen, presented to us by Mr. L. E. Dunlap, of Boston, Mass., for over two years, and we now intend to send for one of the new "Champion" Pens recently patented by Mr. Dunlap, as we are advised that it contains valuable improvements; one of the improvements being a compound spiral spring formed from a tube of hard rubber, while other Stylographic Pens have fine gold wire or metallic springs, which soon rot and corrode.

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